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THE JERUSALEM
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Friday, January 3, 1975

**A VIEW
OF
EGYPT**

Page 12

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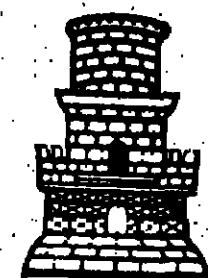
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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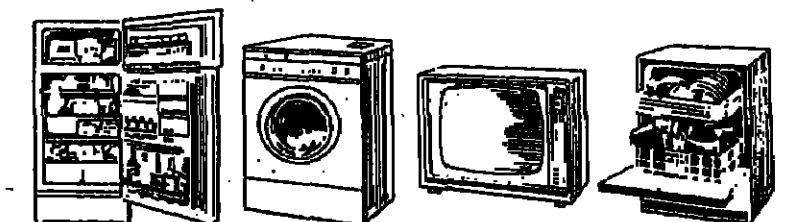
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CHALLENGES TO THE HISTADRUT

This week, a group of Histadrut members — El Al's maintenance workers — put Secretary-General Yeruham Meshel's innate moderation to a supreme test, when they defied his authority and caused him to deny them union protection. MARK SEGAL draws a portrait of this mild-mannered man, and describes the battles into which he has been drawn during his first year as top man in the Histadrut.

IT IS NEARLY a year since Yeruham Meshel took over as Histadrut Secretary-General and one can think of no greater contrast to that of his fiery predecessor, Yitzhak Ben-Aharon. The difference naturally lies in their divergent personalities. Every day with Ben-Aharon was a "happening," every declaration a headline. As for Meshel, even under the most dramatic circumstances, as in his confrontation with El Al's maintenance workers — the emphasis is on the lower key, and instead of clarion calls we get moderate statements. Ben-Aharon always made excellent news copy, but whether wage-earners benefited equally is another matter.

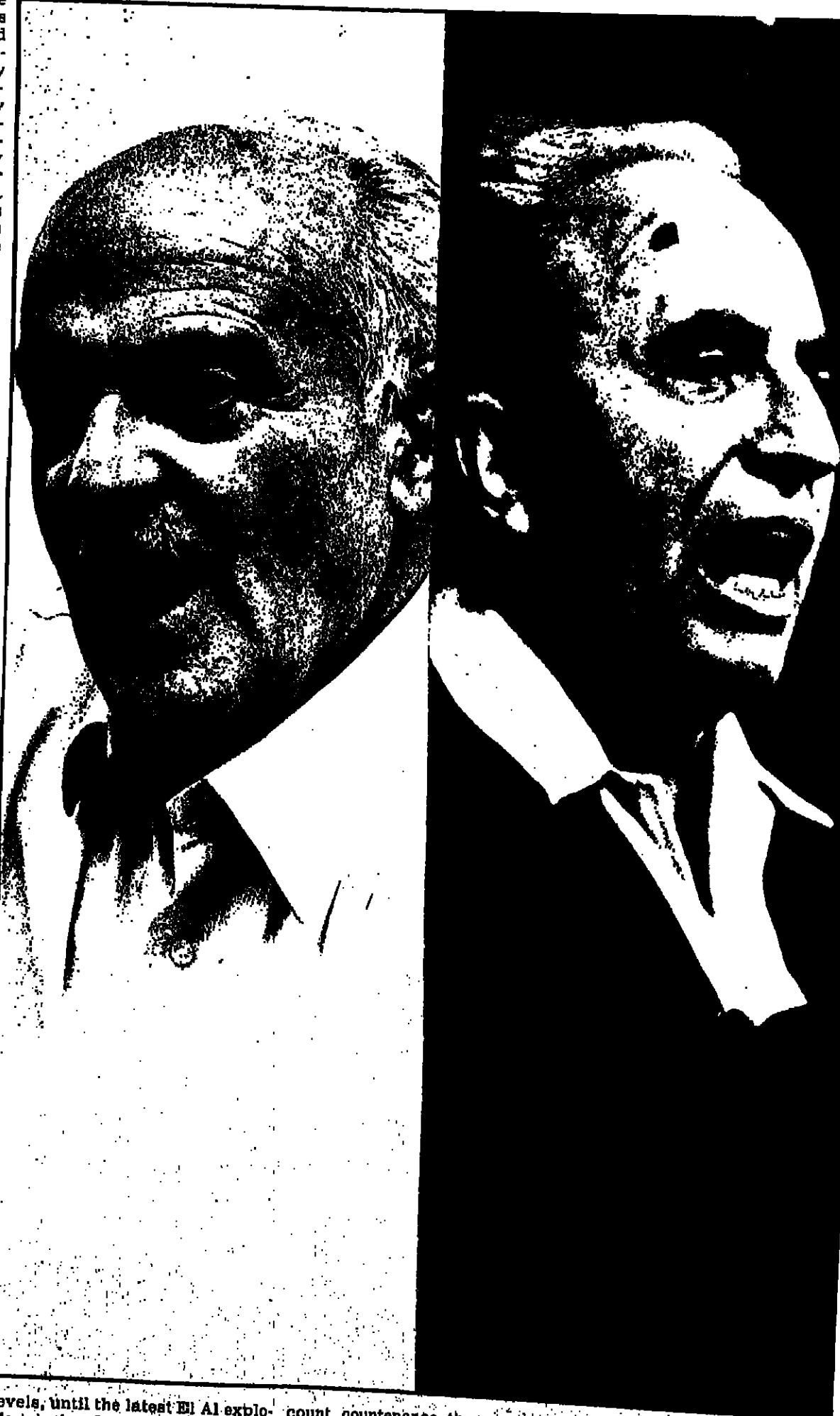
The crucial difference is that Ben-Aharon moulded the Histadrut top job to his political ambitions, while for Meshel, this is the peak of a lifetime of trade union work. Ben-Aharon remains the political maverick, Meshel, the trade union team worker.

One of Meshel's most traumatic experiences — as I gathered from my first interview with him over a decade ago — was joining a sit-down strike in the Mayor's office in Tel Aviv during his early years of hungry unemployment in this country. Thus when he speaks of the Histadrut's prime credo being full employment, he does so from a deep personal commitment, not as an official platitude.

When he took office, Meshel told me that no one should be misled by his soft manner of speech into thinking he would be any less firm today if he thought workers' interests were being jeopardized. Some think that his most marked contribution to keeping down social unrest in this period of unprecedented inflation is the empathy he evokes by his fatherly appearances on TV and in factory meetings. He goes out of his way to be nice to the opposition factions in the Histadrut, and even "Ha'olam Hazeh's" Uri Avnery has praised his concern for the democratic niceties. He speaks to trade unionists in a language they understand, and they feel he can be relied upon, as "one of us," to protect their interests against the mighty state apparatus.

One of the most enjoyable breaks in Meshel's busy life is the strolls he takes on a Shabbat together with his grandson, Shai, through the Yarkon Park adjoining his home in Tel Aviv's Bavi Quarter. He finds people coming up to him, asking questions. "It's my way of testing public opinion. I'm glad to say I encounter no angry faces," he says.

EVER SINCE the recent devaluation and its concomitant price increases, the Histadrut chief has been in constant session on the one hand with the Government and employers, and on the other with fellow trade unionists. On both



Meshel sees the attempt as an encroachment on Histadrut independence. He knows that the Histadrut's credibility among its members hinges on preserving the c.o.l. system. Nevertheless, he is amenable to reviewing its structure, but not in mid-term.

Meshel rejects out of hand Government talk of excluding various elements of the c.o.l. payment, such as the effect on prices of imported goods ("Most of them are imported aren't they?") or indirect taxation. Should he agree, then the whole c.o.l. system would collapse as a meaningful instrument for protecting wage-earners. He feels that the Histadrut has gone a long, long way towards meeting the Government and employers in agreeing that only part of the current c.o.l. allowances be payable in cash, the rest in deferred bonds.

The discussions with the Government now focus on the collective agreements. Having extended them unchanged until March, the Histadrut now finds itself asked to do so until the end of the year. Meshel was willing, provided he got satisfactory answers to a number of questions. For example: what will happen to the compulsory loans expiring on March 31? What kind of tax policy is in the offing? What about V.A.T.? What about squeezing the get-rich-quick boys who made money out of devaluation? What about the bill, held up in committee, imposing interest payments on back taxes assessed at IL2,000m.?

So far the Government has not answered Meshel satisfactorily, if at all. What he is getting at is a clear tie-in between wages, prices, taxes and profits. He does not want to peg wages at a certain level and then have the Government spring surprises on him. No, he does not want anything inflexible as another package deal, preferring a "total arrangement." But on no account will the Histadrut disarm itself in return for vague Government promises of fuller information when Budget time comes.

THE HISTADRUT CHIEF is hurt by criticism aired at a recent trade union department meeting that he is bypassing them with wage policy-making.

"In no way am I reducing their authority. I would very much like to free myself from trade union problems. Too many works committees find it necessary to come directly to me with their difficulties. The division of work has to be made clear.

"As Secretary-General of the General Federation of Labour, it is my duty to consider the national implications together with the Government and employers. After all the Cabinet would not agree to sit down with the trade union department. We have to formulate a national framework for

economic policy-making, while the trade union department has to take care of concrete issues. The moment we settle the c.o.l. issue in principle, it will be the trade union department's task to carry the matter through."

When I asked how the Histadrut could expect white collar workers to restrain their demands when the staff of the Bank of Israel and other national banking houses were getting such big salary rises, Meshel declared it had nothing to do with the Histadrut head office. The National Clerical and Public Employees Union informed them that an agreement had been reached with the Bank of Israel.

"Believe me, the bank managements were more insistent on giving than their employees on getting," he observed, noting that neither trade union chief Uriel Abrahamowicz nor himself was approached beforehand.

I MET Meshel a couple of days before the onset of the El Al crisis, and we discussed the irresponsibility of some staff committees who enjoy power in essential services but do not abide by Histadrut rulings. It was his intention, he told me, to propose sanctions when persuasion failed. The Histadrut Executive would soon hear the Likud proposal for compulsory arbitration and he would be putting forward his own scheme. This would confer authority on the Histadrut Central Committee to take action if works committees in public utilities and similar essential services engaged in unauthorized strikes, and refused to accept a trade union order to appear before a special session of the Histadrut Executive plenum. In case of such a refusal, the Histadrut would withdraw its protection from these men.

This is precisely what he was moved to do only a few days later, when El Al's maintenance workers threw down the gauntlet to the Histadrut — and to him personally.

IT WAS a revolutionary turning-point in Israeli labour relations when this lifelong trade unionist got his Histadrut Executive to adopt sanctions against wildcat strikers. Hitherto, any group could strike in the knowledge that nothing would happen to them, and that moreover, they would get full pay. Of course, the tie-in with the El Al maintenance workers drew attention away from the broader implications for the entire structure. Perhaps this was due to Meshel's low-key method of handling things.

The Histadrut's pervasive power carried with it built-in restraints; but many works committees, especially in the ports and other public services, enjoyed using this untrammelled power without any concomitant sense of responsibility. One need only recall the waterworks men in Eilat who went on strike during the hottest month, causing tremendous suffering to residents in the Red Sea port.

Meshel sees difficulties ahead and is fully aware that, unless he hauls in the sails of his huge organization, it may founder as the waves of inflation and economic troubles rise ever higher. What he has done now is to reassert a measure of centralized trade union discipline by clipping the wings of the wilder men of the unions because they threatened the entire structure. It will be interesting to see whether he can bring to heel the new kind of local trade union bosses, like Ashdod port workers' chief, Yitzhak

Peretz, who rely on communal loyalty among their followers, natural intelligence and strong-arm tactics.

Meshel now has the power to strip wildcat strikers of trade union protection, meaning, in the final analysis, that they can be fired without severance pay. This sobering thought may possibly influence labour bargaining processes. Whether the trade union functionaries at Histadrut headquarters will take fright at their own sudden deviation from something routine is something that needs watching.

WHEN I HAD my interview with Yeruham Meshel, our conversation was interrupted by a telephone call relating to his duties as chairman of the Histadrut's International department. This led us into discussing the fact that the General Federation maintains links with labour movements in many countries whose governments have broken off diplomatic relations with Israel.

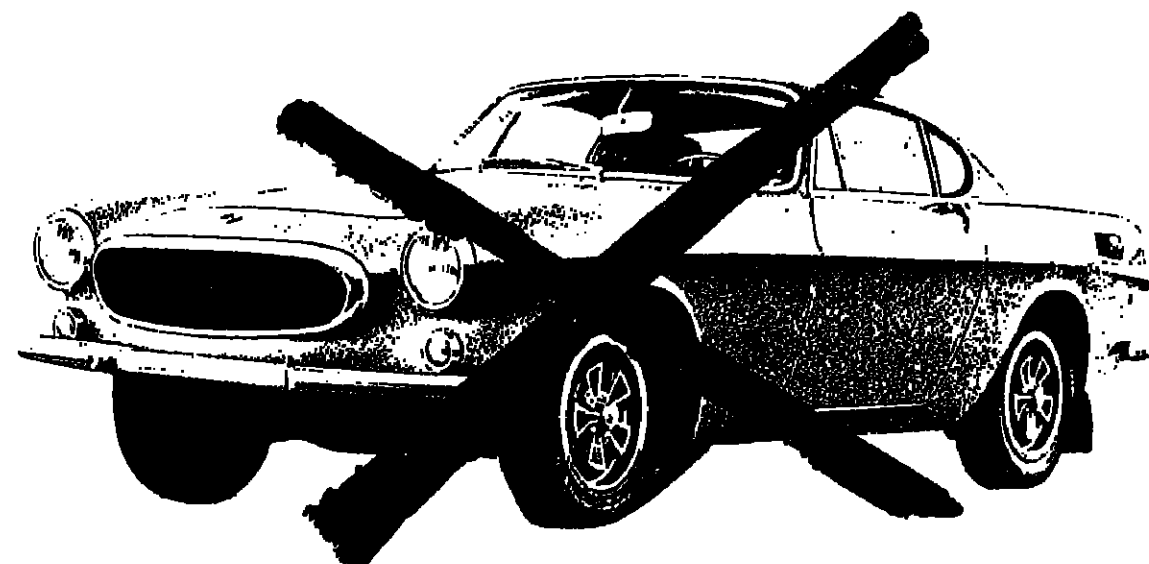
The Histadrut remains an active member of the Asian Regional Organization of the International Confederation of Free Trade (ICTFU), whose president is Malaysian. One department official, Israel Hertz, was about to set off on a swing through five African countries, while Ahiva Eger, the director of the Histadrut's Afro-Asian Institute for Cooperation and Labour studies, had just returned from Nairobi, where he was a guest lecturer at an All-Africa conference of local government staff. Meshel himself had on his desk an invitation from the Nordic trade union bloc to visit the Scandinavian countries.

He told me that the European trade unions were involved in parallel dialogues with the Russians and the Arabs. They had asked the Histadrut whether they opposed closer ties with the Arabs, and he had made it clear that there was no objection as long as it was not at the expense of friendly ties with Israel.

On the whole, he was glad to say international labour had remained faithful. Indeed he had been pleasantly surprised to get telephone calls from leading trade unionists when he was prevented from attending the last ICTFU Executive session in Brussels because of his wage discussions with the Government. Having read in their newspapers of his difficulties, they wished to know if they could extend any help.

Meshel noted great interest among trade union movements in the three aspects of Histadrut activities — the labour settlements, whether kibbutz or moshav; the mutual system; and the pension funds. He showed me a report on the recent decision of the DGB — the German Labour Confederation — to set up a holding company for labour enterprises, similar to our Hevrat Ovdim, with the difference that in Germany, the holding company belongs to the trade unions that make up the DGB whereas in Israel it belongs to the Labour Federation as a whole.

This led to a discussion of the right method of tightening control over Histadrut companies. If Meshel has his way, one man will no longer be able to hold directorships on a number of boards for an extended period. He is trying to put an end to the tradition of making management appointments according to the last Histadrut election key. He feels that the paring composition of the holding company committees covers the requirements quite satisfactorily.



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"TO PLAN the Israeli economy for the seven lean years, it is imperative to mobilize all the population and have them participate," said a Tel Aviv economist the other day. "This year (1974), over IL100, possibly as much as IL150, of earnings will remain unrecorded in the computation of Israel's Gross National Product (GNP). On these hidden earnings, some IL40 to IL50, income tax should, but will not, be paid. Only if the Government finds a way to persuade the population into total involvement in the new economy will the Battle of Britain approach succeed here."

The devaluation of November 10, 1974, was one of a series of stringent economy measures designed to reduce consumption and foreign currency expenditure. Any projection of the Israeli economy for the coming few years will show that some time must pass before Israeli exports renew their pace of growth; that other sources of foreign currency, ranging from grants and outright donations to capital investments, cannot be maintained at the growth rate of the past few years; and that, in fact, due to the fast-advancing international recession, the sources of foreign currency can be expected to diminish, thus forcing Israeli society to reduce consumption still further. It is not unreasonable to expect that, in real values, our per capita income will be 30 per cent lower in 1976 than it was in 1973.

Such a drop, though considerable, need not affect morale if it is the same for all sectors of society. However, the burden can only be shared equally if Israel has a precise economic policy designed to improve production and exports while gaining the cooperation of the people in demanding less and reducing their standards of living. But even if such a policy were evolved, the Government does not in fact have the instruments needed to make it effective.

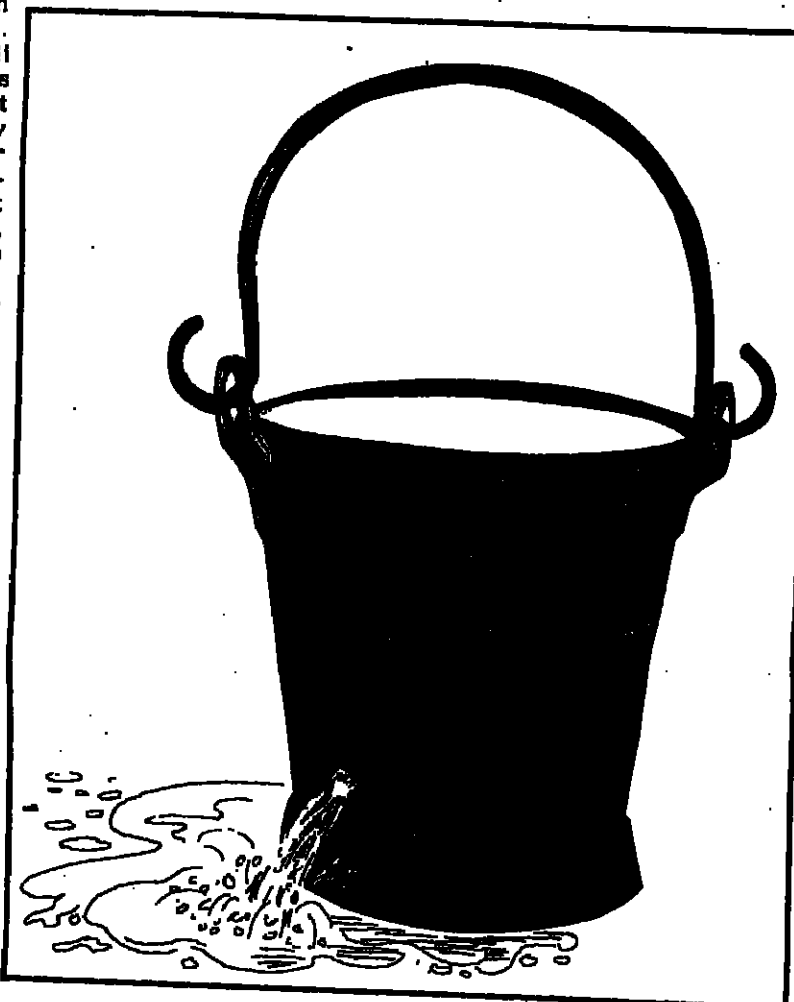
At the end of last summer, the Ministry of Finance published figures which showed that direct taxes and loans form about two-thirds of Israel's total GNP. The proportion is impressive and almost certainly unparalleled in any democratic state anywhere. All our economic experts, professional and self-styled alike, are aware that the national budget, of which these direct taxes and loans form such a large part, contributes to approximately half the GNP. It is clear that, with the problems of security, absorption, education and housing, and the need to improve the standard of public services in order to close the social gap, the burden of direct and indirect taxes must be an exceptionally heavy one.

However, in the light of the rapid inflation and increase in luxury consumption during the last few years, some economists have begun to ask whether the GNP is correctly calculated. Nobody casts any doubt on the figures given for the Government budget, the question is whether the data on which the GNP is calculated is reliable.

THE PRELIMINARY mathematical calculations are based on samples taken by the Central Bureau of Statistics; these are confirmed by the economic analyses of the Bank of Israel experts and checked against the figures of the Commissioner of Revenue. The GNP is based on what are assumed to be precise figures of the raw materials cleared through customs, and of goods such as cement and alcohol

TAXES AND THE RECESSION

Billions of Israel pounds are quietly moving from hand to hand without ever being recorded or taxed. This, says DAN BAWLY, makes impossible the rational development of the nation's economic resources.



which are subject to excise tax; and on the wages and salaries paid by the Government, by municipalities, public institutions, the defence establishment and other large-scale employers. The Government has data concerning the number of salaried workers in Israel and, in theory, the economy depicted by the account books and statistical checks of the state revenue administration and of the income tax authorities does not differ from that drawn by the Central Bureau of Statistics and the Bank of Israel.

Although he may be interested in how it is distributed among the various sectors of the community and in figures showing per capita income, the man in the street is scarcely aware of what is meant by the GNP. (What it is, of course, is the sum total of consumers expenditures, government expenditures and gross private investment). But the way in which the GNP figures are drawn up has a direct bearing on how Israel's economic path is to be plotted.

It is practically impossible, either in Israel or in any other progressive country, to plan the application of funds, the distribution and reorganization of capital, taxation rates, or any large-scale development project, without first measuring their impact on the GNP and establishing who will benefit from the change and who will carry most of the burden. If the economic experts wish to plan

Israel's economic development, they can only do so if they have a clear idea of the funds at the disposal of the economy.

In any well-organized system of government, the Government lays its plans on the basis of a budget drawn up by the Ministry of Finance and presented to parliament. Normally, members of parliament, like the public they represent, have data at their disposal concerning the size of the GNP in the previous year, expected changes and the anticipated effect of Government projects and economic manipulations and, accordingly, can approve the budget.

That is the picture in theory. But, in practice, do Knesset members have reliable economic data at their disposal? Surely something is wrong with data which shows a public burdened by enormous taxes and yet with enough liquid funds left, even after coping with inflation, to expend on luxury items of every sort? Yet this is the picture presented to Knesset members for the two years leading up to November's devaluation.

OVER THE LAST few years, the number of unrecorded business transactions has been booming until, today, billions of Israeli pounds are circulating quietly without finding their way into the GNP figures; nor are these billions taxed. They include the excess income of those sectors

of the economy where taxes are calculated according to a rough assessment which is, in certain branches, considerably lower than an assessment based on account books.

All diamond merchants, virtually all farmers and most retailers fall into this category. It is years, for instance, since there has been any precise record of the number of diamonds polished in Israel, or how much a diamond merchant, the owner of a polishing workshop or his head polisher earns. In the late 'fifties, the then comptroller of the diamond industry returned from a trip to Amsterdam and Antwerp declaring that Israel would have to choose between a diamond industry without account books and a taxable record and audit trail not leading to any industry. The economic ministers opted for the industry. The trouble was that the cost assessment method spread until, like the sorcerer's apprentice, Israel is knee deep in something it cannot control or stop.

There is no precise information on how much a private building contractor or sub-contractor makes, for a large part of his income is derived from cash transactions, part of which he passes on to his workmen as unrecorded extra wages. Unrecorded cash sales form the bulk of the furniture trade. No one expects house-painters, plumbers and the like to declare their real income. Legal proceedings have recently been instituted against a prominent physician, who has been accused of accepting part of his fees in cash and not declaring it. Actually, this practice is a matter of course for doctors, dentists and other members of the free professions. Almost everybody working in key positions on ships and international airlines is known to receive special treatment. Finally, no senior inland revenue official is naive enough to expect a high-school teacher to declare his income from private tuition.

The precision of measuring production and consumption varies not only from one economic sector to another but also from one point on the map to another; it is least exact for the Arab population and some of the development towns and the ostensibly poorer suburbs of the main cities. The picture it presents of the older settlements in central Israel is rather more exact.

THUS, although the facts and figures of the Central Bureau of Statistics and of the economic departments of the state revenue administration together present a general estimate of the basic salary of Israeli wage-earners, they do not, and probably cannot, take into account income from moonlighting, in cash or any other covert form. To the sound of bitter lamentations that productivity, especially of the clerks and bureaucrats employed in the public sector, where the basic salary is relatively low, is declining, the volume of this undeclared income has been growing over the past decade.

In the last two or three years, with the quickening pace of inflation, the difference between the figures on paper and the amount of cash jangling in the pockets of the man in the street has widened fast. Official salaries have gone up much more slowly than the price of goods to the consumer, but private consumption has gone up more than either. It is this undeclared income, that forms the income which is not expressed in the GNP figures. It is evident that more and more

Israelis are becoming aware of this gap between facts and computed figures. In the process, certain extreme statements have recently been made — notably by the writer and journalist Baruch Nadel — which quote figures for evaded and avoided taxes as high as IL150 for last year alone. While this figure is undoubtedly exaggerated, it is not improbable that the cumulative shortage of tax collection since the Six Day War is pretty close to that amount.

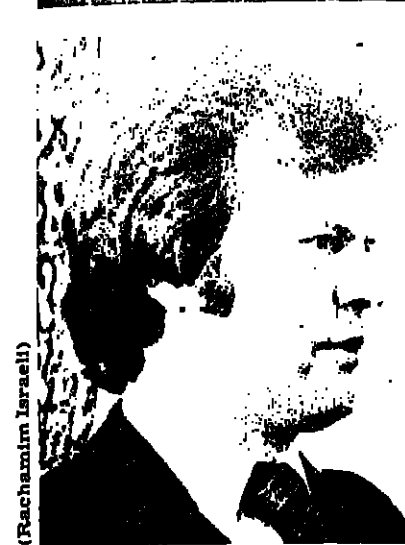
The IL50, to IL100, undeclared income estimated for the year between the Yom Kippur War and the 1974 devaluation represents 15-20 per cent of the official GNP. As the excess relates to the private sector, these figures show that private consumption is about one third more than the figures calculated by the official experts.

THE MAIN REASON why Government statisticians cannot calculate Israel's GNP accurately is that so many people are trying to escape from the maze of tax laws and that this is being made easier by the breakdown of the tax collection mechanism. During the past few years, as the revenue administration was unable to collect, instead of reducing tax rates to collectible standards it made the mistake of imposing ever more and higher taxes. The taxpayers saw two ways out of this squeeze: some of them opted out and, knowing that the officials were helpless to go after them, they simply stopped keeping accounts and went over to cash; others made things more difficult for the revenue administration by increasingly noisy claims, strikes and other forms of pressure for special privileges. Just how difficult these tax assessments have become, is obvious from the fact that even the most alert and money-conscious employee has no idea what his fixed salary is.

The conclusion is that, alongside the officially recognized circle of economic activity runs another circle, which does nothing to finance Israel's public services or to contribute to the national pool. Thus one sector of the economy which resorts to only cash transactions is subject to no controls, pays no taxes and is left to rot rich at the expense of precisely those others — the wage-earners who do not moonlight and the manufacturers who are subject to close Government scrutiny — whom Israel expects to build up her economy. This unequal distribution of the tax burden prevents business entrepreneurs from amassing capital with which to reinvest, while allowing the non-participants to live off the fat of the land and encouraging anti-social elements.

Israel is facing a protracted emergency and it is essential for the Government to keep a tight check on the economy. Only if it makes its computations correctly can it distribute the burden fairly and exploit Israel's economic resources to the full. There is what seems to be a paradox in the fact that the Government can only make its computations correctly if it abolishes some taxes and reduces others, leaving the public with the feeling that it is not unrealistic to expect everyone to pull his weight.

Just as it is essential for the Israel Defence Forces to have a good intelligence service and a democratic army if Israel is to wage a successful war, the success of this economic battle will depend on mobilising the full reserve of capital and manual potential to withstand the long-term siege which is at the gate.



WHEN THE PARTICIPANTS in the Haifa Symposium were to be presented to President Katzir, they were asked to sort themselves out into national groups. Some indication of Professor Robin Fox's maverick outlook, and a possible explanation of its outlook, was provided by his reaction. Although he has been living and working in the United States for many years, he refused to join the Americans, since he was born in Yorkshire. On the other hand, he was not prepared to pass himself off as an Englishman, since his parents were immigrants from Ireland. In the end he made his lone obeisance as the single Irish representative.

The International Symposium on Ethics in an Age of Pervasive Technology, at which he was a key figure, was given a suitably solemn billing, as part of the annual series endowed by Dr. Joseph W. Wunsch of New York "towards bridging the gap which has deepened between man's mastery of science and technology on the one hand, and man's cultural and spiritual involvement in the arts and humanities, on the other."

But the solemnity did not unduly oppress Dr. Fox, who advanced unorthodox opinions throughout the proceedings, as, for example, when he argued that man may not survive for more than 50 to 200 years on his ill-treated planet. "Actually," he says, "I was playing the role of devil's advocate, arguing things I did not necessarily believe. We had a doomsday session, and I was cast in the role of doomsday prophet. The case for doomsday in the near future is of course extremely strong, the way things are going. Somebody asked rhetorically, 'Must mankind be doomed?' and Daniel Bell of Harvard asked, 'Why not?' I certainly think that if we go on pumping materials into the atmosphere at the present rate, we've had it."

"The curious thing about the Symposium is that all the optimists were serious, doleful men, while the doomsday-sayers were all very relaxed and happy and laughing about the grim, grey future."

I point out to Dr. Fox that he reminds me of the quip of Mark Twain's Pudd'nhead Wilson: "The reason that men rejoice at a birth and weep at a funeral is that they are not the party concerned." The thought of mankind carrying on indefinitely for centuries is enough to depress anybody. "You're quite right. And yet we go on hoping that somehow the creature will survive. I don't know why."

AT THE END of the Symposium, the participants drew up a Mount Carmel Declaration, which states, among other things:

OUTFOXING TECHNOLOGY

One of the most controversial characters at the recent International Symposium on Ethics in an Age of Pervasive Technology held at the Haifa Technion was ROBIN FOX, Professor of Anthropology at Rutgers University, New Jersey. He was interviewed by PHILIP GILLON on the current outlook for mankind.



"We recognize the great contributions of technology to the improvement of the human condition. Yet continued intensification and extension of technology has unprecedented potentialities for evil as well as good. Technological consequences... constitute a threat to the survival of the species..."

"Legitimate local interests must not take precedence over the common interests of all human beings in justice, happiness and peace. Responsible control of technology by social systems and institutions is an urgent global concern, overriding all conflicts of interest and all divergencies in religion, race or political adherence."

Professor Fox is not very impressed by this document. "It's all right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. It's an appeal by men of goodwill to other men of goodwill to be of even better goodwill in the future. I'm reminded of declarations in favour of peace, and motherhood, and apple pie. I think that you have to tell people what they can't do, and warn them that, if they don't, they'll get it in the neck. So I've drawn up my own ten commandments, which I call Fox's Technology."

He produces the new commandments with a flourish.

1. Thou shalt not have more than two children.
2. Thou shalt not endanger the genetic material of future

generations of mankind.

3. Thou shalt not degrade and diminish the atmosphere.
4. Thou shalt not pollute land, food or water.
5. Thou shalt not manufacture weapons of mass destruction.
6. Thou shalt not use technology for the suppression of individual liberty.
7. Thou shalt not waste material resources.
8. Thou shalt not consume more than will satisfy thy needs if this diminishes the satisfaction of the needs of others.
9. Thou shalt not diminish the chances for survival of other species.
10. Thou shalt respect thy neighbour's environment as thine own.

HOW DOES he plan to enforce these excellent injunctions? Will they not, like their biblical model, be honoured more in the breach than in the observance? "Like my venerated predecessor, I don't expect all my commandments to be kept all the time by all the people: I'll be satisfied if some of them are kept some of the time by some of the people. Note, that I, too, have left plenty of room for interpretation, as there is about what constitutes adultery."

"But certainly there should be sanctions. One thing we should do is tax heavily for disobedience — for instance, anybody breaching my first commandment by having more than two children should pay through the nose for the offence. I was horrified to hear that in Israel you subsidize such wrongdoers. Incidentally, I have three children myself, but I recognize that I had no right to do so."

"One of the good things about my commandments is that I don't say man should be good, peaceful, unaggressive — that wouldn't be man."

Man being the way he is, is not the early doomsday that he forecast tongue-in-cheek almost inevitable. War, famine, pestilence and death seem almost inevitable. The dinosaur and the sabre-toothed tiger show how species dominate the planet for a time and then depart.

"The difference between man and all other species is that man can recognize what is happening, and has the power, unlike the dinosaur, to comprehend and change his destiny. Admittedly, he shows no signs of doing so, or even wanting to do so. Man seems to be trapped in his own mortality. But we can still hope."

ROBIN FOX was born in the Yorkshire village of Haworth, where the Brontës — whose father was also an Irishman — grew up, and he says, for many years he identified himself with Branwell Brontë.

"All my teachers prophesied that I would come to the same sticky end as Branwell. Then I

forgot about Branwell and went to the London School of Economics to study sociology and anthropology. From there I went to Harvard, and made a study of an American Indian tribe in New Mexico. I came back to teach at the University of Exeter, returned to L.S.E., and wrote another book, 'Kinship and Marriage', which was published as a Pelican Original, and sold 200,000 copies. Unfortunately, I got very little out of it. But it was very much approved by the anthropological establishment, and I was invited to form my own department at Rutgers."

One day at the zoo he met fellow anthropologist Lionel Tiger, and they got together to produce a book called 'The Imperial Animal', which earned them considerable fame, although it was much criticized by some other anthropologists on the ground that they were trying to draw analogies from animal behaviour to apply to human societies. Robin Fox was not abashed by the criticism; he is a man who believes in counter-punching if he does not get in the first crack.

"We made a comparative study of species, of what man can learn from other species. I think that we over-value our rationality. The message is quite simple — you cannot understand man if you don't understand emotion. Go back to Darwin. We're not much different from monkeys."

ANOTHER MAN who delivered a similar message was Desmond Morris, author of 'The Naked Ape.' Dr. Fox recalls: "When Desmond told me he was contemplating a book on the subject, I told him nobody would publish it, and, if he got a publisher, nobody would buy it. I think it's now sold five million copies, and he has a house in Geneva. This proves how valuable my advice is."

His own book on 'The Imperial Animal' got him into trouble, not only with other anthropologists, but also with women's lib.

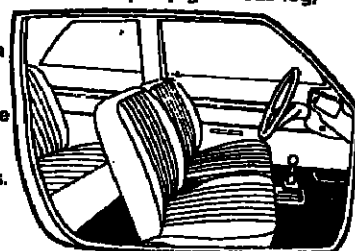
"We said that men and women were different. This revolutionary thought upset some of the women. We said that if women merely want to be like men, they have nothing to offer. Men have made such an awful mess of things, what's the point of trying to out-man man? Women are more pragmatic, more down to earth, not taken in by their own fantasies. As wives and mothers they have a contribution to make — who wants them to prove that they can do anything men can do? But they didn't like the message."

His book may have infuriated orthodox anthropologists and leading women, but it achieved something of which Professor Fox is very proud. "I'm the only anthropologist who is a member of the Zoological Society," he declares.

The facts favour '75 Ford Cortina

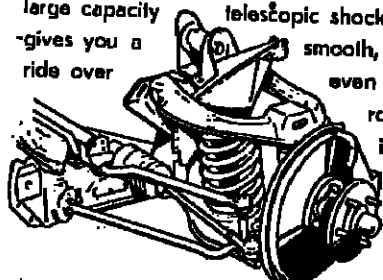
Fact: More room for families.

'75 Cortina gives you over 1360mm of hip room front and rear, with equally generous leg, shoulder and rear knee room - more overall passenger space than four of its five competitors. You also get the day-long comfort of deeply cushioned seats, reclining front seats and 324 litres of useable trunk space - all important to the 60% of Cortina buyers with families of four or more.



Fact: Smoother ride.

The combination of all-coil suspension and large capacity telescopic shock absorbers gives you a smooth, pitch-free ride over even the worst roads. And it's a more comfortable ride because the seats are well within the wheelbase.

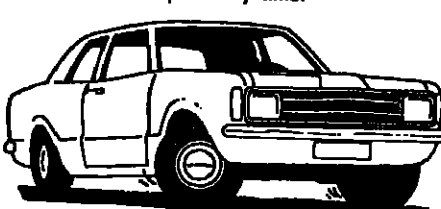


Fact: Quality built to last.

Every '75 Cortina body shell is given a phosphate-based first coating and then a deep dip rust-proofing with a special inhibitor that is electrostatically bonded to every nook and cranny of the metal. Next comes two coats of primers, followed by three coats of hard-lustre acrylic paints - an average of 16 litres in all of protection and beauty. And the underbody gets three kilos of bituminous sealant.

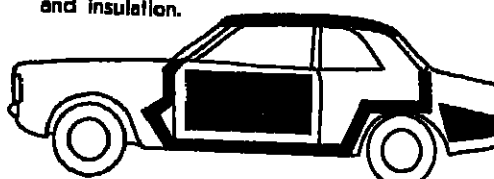
Fact: Better handling.

'75 Cortina has rack-and-pinion steering for precise directional control and a positively located 4 link rear axle, anti-sway bars and wide 1420mm tracks for excellent roadholding. The dual-circuit braking system features front discs and self-adjusting rear drums. You get sure, straight-line stops every time.



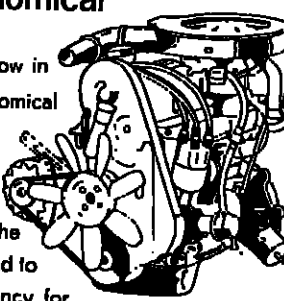
Fact: Quieter running.

Great care is taken during all stages of assembly to keep any mechanical, wind or road noises out of the passenger compartment. Up to 45 kilometres of polyurethane foam and other sound deadeners are strategically placed behind the fascia, in the door panels, under the floor, in the roof and in the boot. Doors and windows are precisely fitted and carefully sealed. And engine and suspension mountings are designed for maximum compliance and insulation.



Fact: Economical to run.

'75 Cortina is low in initial price, economical on fuel - the thrifty 1.6 litre engine will give you 10.9 kilometres to the litre and is designed to run at peak efficiency for a full 10,000 km between routine services. And you can get low, fixed - cost service at any of Ford's authorised garages. Garages which have factory-trained service technicians and genuine replacement parts.



Fact: Safety for your family.

As well as a dual-circuit braking system, wide track, anti-sway bars and a comfortable, relaxed driving position '75 Cortina also has improved aerodynamic airflow, an immensely strong passenger cell, impact absorbing bonnet sections and a full interior and trunk safety package.



When you get all the facts, you'll know that '75 Cortina is the best value for money in its class. The final proof comes with a test drive at your local Ford Dealer's.

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ROBUST

continued from page 9

placing, production costs went down and profits up."

The story is similar throughout many, if not most, Histadrut-owned enterprises, and the fight of Meir Amit at Koor-owned plants has been against the same dragons - low productivity, high payrolls per output, and smug inefficiency at the managerial level in the 'fifties and most of the 'sixties.

Ghibly claims credit for Israel's having been the second country in the world (after Holland) to introduce enzymes in its washing powders (known today by the prefix "bio" before the brand name). At an investment of IL6m. between 1968 and 1970, new equipment was installed for the production of detergents and washing powders, both best sellers among the 180 items which Shemen manufactures. He has no illusions about the flood of problems that are inundating management today.

"Our spending on fuel, electricity and water is going up from IL2.5m. in '74 to IL8m. in '75. We shall feel the pinch in working capital. We'll have to re-examine our credit terms for customers. Our suppliers, too, are restricting credit to us. This last year has been good, better than 1973, but price control is giving us a bad time. It is slow to act and adjust, and allows us too little too late."

WITH PRICES so much higher now, the Shemen boss expects that people will save by shifting from higher- to lower-priced cosmetic products. Housewives don't have to throw out frying oil after a single use; it can safely be used three times, he suggests. Shemen will put washing materials into bigger packets and containers, and pass on to the housewife the saving on packaging costs.

Ghibly expects Shemen's 1974 turnover to grow from IL144m. (including \$8m. of exports) to over IL300m. this year.

"Our five-year development programme has as its target a ten per cent share in the country's food industry." Buying up Etz Hazayit, its largest competitor, will benefit the consumer, he says.

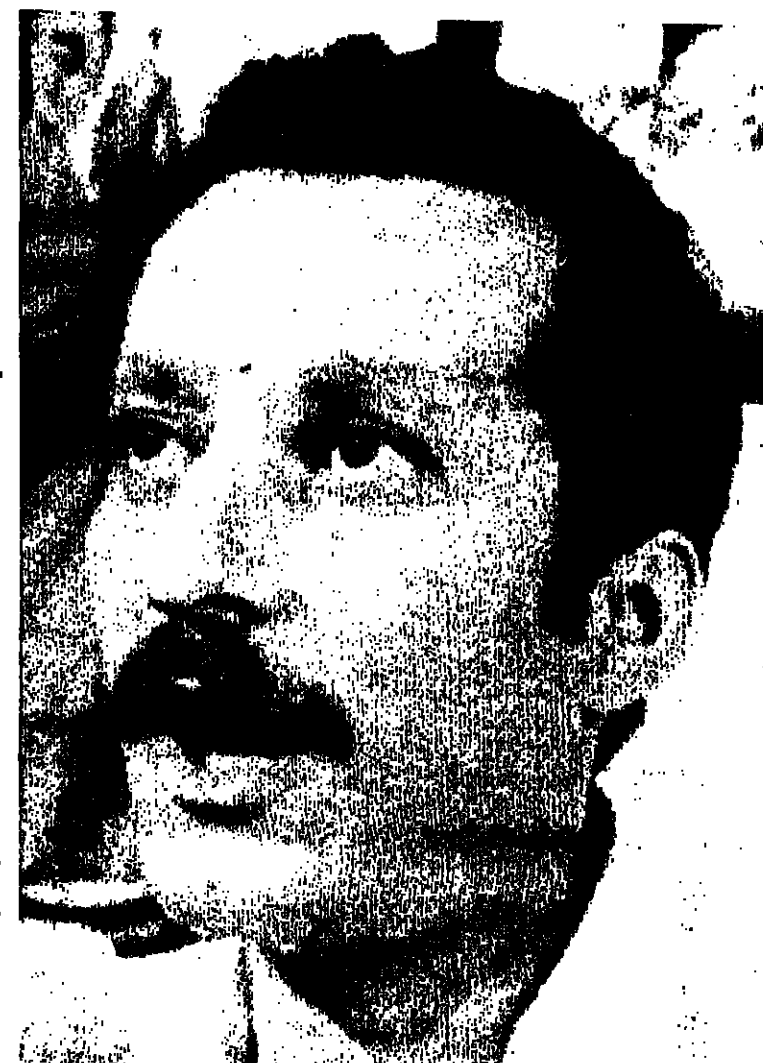
"It's the economies of bigger production runs, joint purchases of raw materials, common financing and marketing, research and development, cutting out duplication, saving in equipment, making our labour force more mobile, broadening exports, that will all serve the consumer."

The new economic policy does not daunt Ghibly.

"We're thinking of going deeper into foods, like bakery products for which we are already making the ingredients, oil, flour, etc. In West Galilee we want to set up a 15,000-ton-a-year canning plant, half of the output for export. The Government has approved it and we're going to invest IL70m. in it. And then there is the drinks field... The agreement with the European Common Market should make us think, plan and act in an international context. Our group is in a good starting position and we have plans that we hope to carry out before the end of the decade."

THE ARAB CULTURAL SCENE

Their defeat in the Six Day War triggered off a process of cultural re-evaluation among the Arabs, but the October war has brought it to an abrupt end. As a result, argues NISSIM REJWAN, the Arab world now finds itself in the midst of a "crisis of creativity."



Ghannam Kana'uni, Palestinian poet and PFLP spokesman, was killed in 1972.

"THE BEST BOOK to appear in 1973 was the soldier's boot," one middle-aged Arab poet proclaimed. "We are all deserters," wrote a well-known Egyptian man of letters shortly after the outbreak of the Yom Kippur War. Another widely revered writer past middle age, telegraphed President Sadat asking forgiveness for himself and his fellow sceptics for entertaining doubts about the greatness and resourcefulness of "the leader." Tawfiq el Hakim, 78-year-old doyen of Egyptian letters, appealed to the authorities in the first days of the war to let him do some work, no matter how menial, to contribute to the national effort.

These initial, spontaneous reactions to the October war - which at least one Arab cultural critic has called "literary masochism" - were in themselves quite understandable in the circumstances. What some Arab literary observers find intolerable, however, is that the new mood of relief and jubilation should put an abrupt end to that process of self-criticism and soul-searching which the Arabs' defeat in the Six Day War had started.

In the words of a critic writing in the Beirut weekly "Al Hawadith," Arabic culture after the defeat of June, 1967, experienced a real shock, "but the short interval which separates us from June has failed actually to help us effect a true breakthrough in our cultural concepts." Certain new ideas and values, which began to emerge as a result of the defeat, "did not have enough time to crystallize, especially since the post-June process of rejection took place within a framework of mutual invective and peddling (people's) sorrows."

This rather novel way of viewing the intellectual-cultural effects of October's politico-military victories needs some elaboration. Its exponents, who have just begun to make their voices heard, take the following line of reasoning: the October war brought much-needed psychological relief to those Arab intellectuals and writers who had been consumed by deep sorrow and mental torture since the humiliating defeat of June 1967. At the same time, however, the war "brought to a cruel halt those birth pangs which had started in June."

In the field of creative literature, this development has led to "masochistic moods" plaguing writers and poets and a consequent "fabricated literature representing a unique example of the defeat of creativity as well as a rare case of hasty retraction," to quote the writer in "Al Hawadith."

The result has been deplorable. Certain writers and poets have effected a complete volte face in their attitude and style; self-styled non-conformists have taken to conformism not only in the political but also in the literary sphere; oratory and the oratorical stance are enjoying an unprecedented revival; "culture" has been made synonymous with "information" and "guidance"; and "commitment" has been

equated with cheap and superficial writing.

This alleged cheapening of literary values has resulted in a sort of cultural inflation followed, as monetary inflations often are, by "devaluation." Writers produce novels, short stories, plays and literary criticism; poets write verse as they never did before; and publishers keep publishing, mostly in voices heard, take the following line of reasoning: the October war brought much-needed psychological relief to those Arab intellectuals and writers who had been consumed by deep sorrow and mental torture since the humiliating defeat of June 1967. At the same time, however, the war "brought to a cruel halt those birth pangs which had started in June."

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This is especially so in works of

fiction, where the hero is invariably depicted in one of four situations: under siege by "the enemy" in a village, a house or a bush; being interrogated by an enemy officer or labouring inside a torture den; sitting at his desk, feverishly writing his memoirs, which always have to do with expulsion from his village or town; preoccupied with a series of reminiscences and "stream of consciousness" bits, mostly having to do with the village, the mother, the grandmother, or the sweetheart at the moment of parting.

Altogether, in the words of the critic in "Al Hawadith," the new literary efforts are almost replicas of the old, "but with a tendency to inflate the story's events, general exaggeration in depicting the scenes, and a rhetorical and emotional style."

TO BE SURE, for various historical reasons Arabic culture in certain of its aspects has always lagged behind. Generally speaking, it has been imitative and backward inasmuch as the Arab world as a whole has been reduced to the status of a satellite of the West. There have, however, been many attempts to break out of this vicious circle, and some of these attempts have even been successful.

But the current crisis, the crisis of creativity, threatens to turn contemporary Arabic culture as a whole into a lagging, satellite culture consisting of a series of illusory and fake ideas and visions. For one thing, the prevailing ideologies have insisted that the creative writer follow the narrow concepts of these ideologies and that works of literature faithfully and literally reflect them and their world views. In an attempt to gain distinction, moreover, these ideologies vied with each other in imposing "discipline" on the creative process. For another, the essentially totalitarian character of the various Arab regimes has been conducive to conformism and uniformity in literature - and in the long run resulted in a state of affairs in which literary writing itself became confined to certain styles of expression and a limited pattern of looking at socio-political phenomena. Thus, the absence of democracy and freedom of expression played a crucial role in the present literary decline. Witness the dozens of writers and poets who, in the course of the past two decades, were subjected to suppression and persecution in various Arab countries.

All this, however, while it helps explain the present situation does not really justify it. And here we must cite another historical factor with all the paradox which it implies. For several centuries now, the Arab world has been subjected to various kinds of foreign dominance and influence - what some have called "the cultural invasion." In reaction to the inroads which the West is alleged to have been trying to make in their cultural life, many prominent Arab thinkers and opinion-leaders advocated a revival of their

people's cultural heritage, a return "back to the roots."

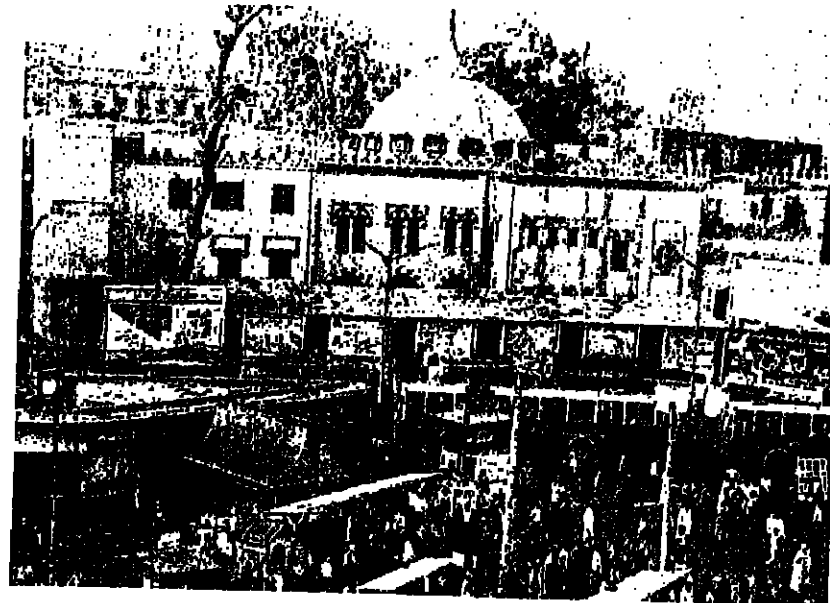
However, since the Arabs' cultural heritage is inexorably linked with the heritage of Islam, this call perforce took on a "reactionary" character. Moreover, certain thinkers and men of letters, who otherwise were enlightened and open-minded, got into the habit of rejecting everything which smacked of modernity, having decided that "modern" was synonymous with "Western" or "European." This attitude was extended to literary patterns and styles, leading some, for instance, to reject free verse in favour of the old, rhymed poetry.

IT IS TRUE THAT, side by side with these calls for a return to the past and its glories, there were numerous appeals for a diametrically opposite course - namely, a complete break with the past and an all-out drive for Westernization. There were, too, those who advocated a middle way, arguing that the two cultures be merged, and the good and healthy traits of each be preserved.

However, as far as literature and literary forms are concerned, what is significant here is that when new forms and styles were rejected, they were rejected not because of their intrinsic unworthiness or because they were in any way unsuitable, but simply because they denoted the new, and because anything novel was suggestive of the West and its ways and its suspected aim of invading the Arab world culturally after it had dominated it politically. The paradox here, of course, is that instead of making Arab culture safe for the Arabs, it led to its total stagnation and immobility.

Into this sorry state of things, into this circle from which there seemed to be no breaking out, came the cruel shock of the defeat of June 1967. To the more radical-minded of the literary and cultural critics writing in Arabic today, this shock is now seen as tantamount to a gift from Providence. Revealing all the stagnation, the evils, and what one of them has termed "the rottenness" extending right to the deeper roots of the Arab cultural scene, the 1967 setback put the Arabs, at long last, on the right course of self-examination and intensive soul-searching.

What some radical Arab critics are now beginning to lament is that the Arabs have simply not been given enough time to have a sufficiently long and searching look at their cultural condition to be able to start to effect the changes needed. The euphoria caused by the war of October, 1973, has brought to an abrupt and premature end a process of rethinking and re-evaluation which could have proved extremely beneficial to contemporary Arabic culture. Instead, so the argument goes, the Arabs are now right back in the midst of their "crisis of creativity," what the "Al Hawadith" critic has termed "literary inflation" and its corollary, cultural devaluation.



Cairo square. (Below) Felaful vendor photo "wasn't helpful to the country."



The Cairo Museum, the world's greatest repository of Ancient Egyptian art.



Cairo street scene, watched over by a gigantic Pharaoh. (Right) Rebuilding war-damaged Suez mosque.

A VIEW OF EGYPT

Story by Arthur Kemelman / Photos by Jay Bushlinsky

"I'VE BEEN REPORTING the Israeli side for so long that I was thrilled and fascinated at being able to see the other side and come face to face with the reality of Egypt rather than conjure it up on the basis of written findings of others," says Jay Bushlinsky, Israel-based correspondent for the "Chicago Daily News" and Westinghouse Broadcasting Company.

Bushlinsky found that this country plays a comparatively small part in the Egyptian reality. "The Egyptians aren't obsessed with Israel. They have other problems on their minds, such as food shortages, urban overcrowding and raising the standard of living."

Particularly striking was the difference between the moods of the two countries.

"Although Egypt is a partner to the conflict with Israel, the Egyptian mood doesn't exist. The people are relaxed and optimistic, without any sense of the inevitability of another war."

This difference, though, may derive from a simplistic interpretation of how peace can be achieved, Bushlinsky points out.

"The Egyptians give the impression that peace can be taken for granted now that the war is over and the government has

declared its readiness to recognize Israel. They argue: since Sinai was taken in war, it should be returned now there is peace. The plain folks miss the fine points of territorial negotiations."

THIS SIMPLICITY frequently borders on the unreal. According to the Egyptians, Bushlinsky says, the greatest achievement of the war was the crossing of the Canal and the overrunning of the Bar-Lev Line. Everything after that is secondary, a technicality. And occasionally, the unreal generates hallucinations.

"If the Canal crossing was the greatest achievement, the second greatest was how the people of Suez heroically rose up to defend their city and successfully repulsed the Israeli onslaught."

Despite the Egyptian "success" in Suez, damage to the city was extensive. Bushlinsky found that most of the reconstruction was taking place at Faisal City, on the outskirts of the town, and named after the donor of most of the funds for the section. Driving downtown, one can still see Hebrew writing on "Shikun Suez," the name Israeli soldiers gave to the housing estate where they were billeted.

The facilities offered Bushlinsky as a journalist were excellent.

There were restrictions on visits to certain areas and the photographing of military installations was forbidden, but otherwise he was free to do pretty much as he liked. This freedom extended to his dispatches and broadcasts, which were not censored.

A minor difficulty arose when he attempted to photograph a felaful vendor.

"A well-dressed individual — a party official or bureaucrat of some sort I imagine — began to protest quite vigorously. My taxi driver intervened and asked him what his objections were. He replied that this view of Egypt — the stand was somewhat ramshackle — wasn't helpful to the country. My driver said, 'nonsense. Instead of preventing unfavorable photographs or publicity, we should see to it that reforms take place so that the problem wouldn't exist in the first place.' The bureaucrat gave in."

The more highly-placed bureaucrats aren't so flexible. Bushlinsky asked Tahsin Basheer, Sadat's press affairs adviser why he didn't invite Israeli journalists to Egypt. Basheer echoed Sadat's reply to another journalist who had asked him whether he could meet with Rabin:

"It's premature. This is not the time."

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND

POST PULLOUT GUIDE The Poster

THEATRE

ABSD PERSON SINGULAR (Cameri) A typical hot-weather, laugh-a-minute comedy by the British playwright Alan Ayckbourn. Plenty of visual gags which work well under Sam Walters' direction. Haima, Maron, Olla, Almogor, Ticky Dayan have a great time playing three different types of women. Tel Aviv (Cameri) Sat. 8.10 and 9. Mon.-Tues. 8.30.

PRISONER 99 (Sadat) Zeev Revach spends a weekend locked in a men's room, all by himself. Some of the jokes are funny, and Revach knows how to amuse the public, but an entire weekend in such close quarters is too much. Hadera (Hot). Fri. 9.00 Bar Ilan University. Sat. 9.00.

CATPLAY (Habimah) Lukewarm comedy about an aging widow and other characters of little interest. Pardess Hana, Mon. 8.00.

GYSBY FACE A programme of songs performed by veteran entertainer Yossi Banai. Tel Aviv (Zavta). Sat. 8.30.

HO NO JULIET (Habimah) — Romeo and Juliet married and lived unhappily ever after in Ephraim Kishon's new comedy. Tel Aviv (Habimah). Sat. Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 8.00.

IT'S GOOD TO LOVE (Habimah) by Dan Almogor. Gan Shmuel. Mon. 8.00.

OF FRIVOLITY AND HYPOCRISY AND GAMES (Habimah) The first of the double bill is sort of a Purimspiel, was written by Rabbi Aharon Wolfson, in 18th-century Germany, in archaic Hebrew. The second, by British George Saunders, deals with the actor's position in society. Tel Aviv (Habimah). Sat. 9.00.

LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASURES (Zavta) A programme of songs by Bertold Brecht, with singers Miri Aloni, Yossi Zilber and Benny Amursky, well directed by Zedok Zarfat. Four-piece band plays well. Kurl Weiss. Tel Aviv. Sat. 10.30.

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT (Habimah) Eugene O'Neill's greatest and most cruel play. Tel Aviv (Habimah). Sun. Mon., Tues.

MACBETH (Habimah) Eugene Ionesco's play in his own version of the Shakespeare tragedy. Tel Aviv (Habimah) Sat., Thurs.

THE SEAGULL (Cameri) Chekhov's masterpiece about wasted lives, which never fared well in Israel (as in other countries), is an ambitious production directed by famed Leopold Lindberg. Not entirely successful in concept and in acting but a worthwhile evening of theatre. Tel Aviv (Cameri). Wed., Thurs.

TARTUFFE (Beersheba) One of Moliere's best comedies about the archetypal hypocrite which appears in every age, every society (Not yet reviewed). Beersheba (Beit Ha'am). Fri. 11.00.

THE SPOTTED LEOPARD (Haifa) — A charming comedy taking place in Tel Aviv of the 'thirties. A town of broken dreams full of lost souls. The rather thin story was beefed up by the direction of Oded Kotler and an excellent cast headed by Yossi Yadin. Ruth Dar created a charming set and deadly accurate costumes. Haifa (Theatre). Sat., Sun.

THE RETURN (Beersheba) — Beersheba (Beit Ha'am) Tues., Wed., 8.30.

THREE WIDOWS (Shemer) Hahotrim. The visit (Cameri). The revival of Friedrich Schreinemakers' play about a latter-day Shylock who offers an impoverished town fabulous riches in return for the life of one citizen is a fascinating show, funny and biting and full of cruel ironies. Great spectacle by Yossi Yadin. Tel Aviv (Cameri). Sun.

THE THEATRE CLUB QUARTET (Shemer) Yankov Ben Sir, Shimon Bar, Rouven Shefer, Glendon Singer, Yossi Milo director. Choice skills from previous performances. Haifa (Shavit). Fri. 9.00 Tel Aviv: Sat., Sun., Thurs. 12.30.

WEDDING (Habimah) New play by Joseph Bar-Joseph employs 22 characters and creates a great deal of noise to cover up absolute emptiness. Jerusalem: Sat. Tel Aviv (Habimah) Tues. Wed.

ZORBA THE GREEK (Sadat). Jaffa (Alhambra) Fri. 8.30. Jerusalem (Beit Ha'am) Sat. 8.30. Tel Aviv (Ohal) Tues. 8.30.

YERUSALEM Images modern Hebrew writers presented in English — an evening of drama and farce. Directed by Joyce Miller "Bet Haanoor" (Haim Hazaz Writer's House) Jewish Quarter, The Old City. Bus No. 3 Thursday at 8:30 p.m.

MUSIC

All events start at 8.30 p.m. unless stated otherwise.

JERUSALEM Israel Chamber Ensemble — Subscription Concert No. 3 — Gary Bertini conducting. Hillel-Guenter Reish, baritone — All-Suburb programme: Overture in Italian Style; Lieder, orch. by Brahms and Roger; Symphony No. 3 — at the Jerusalem Theatre: Saturday.

TEL AVIV Israel Philharmonic Orchestra — Subscription Concert No. 4, Series One — Erich Bergel conducting, Judith Lieber, Harp — Ben-Yohanan, Ginnastera, Bruckner: Sunday, at slight delay. "Yavul" Trio performs works by Haydn, Smetana and Schubert (opus 100) — at the Jerusalem Khan: Sunday.

Musical in Ein Karem — "Memorial Concert for Fannie Targ" — All-Suburb programme: Lieder and Piano Duet by Gitta Grossmayer, soprano, Bracha Edon and Alexander Tamir — at the Targ Mualo Centre: Monday, Special "United Tour" bus leaves from office near King David Hotel at 7.30 p.m., from the Kings Hotel at 7.45, and from Mount Herzl at 8 p.m. — return trip assured.

Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra — "Portrait of a Composer" — All-Last programme: "Les Preludes," Piano Concerto No. 1, with Daniel Adin, and "Dante" Symphony, conducted by Alvaro Casato, from Portugal, at the Jerusalem Theatre: Tuesday.

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra — Series Two, Subscription Concert No. 2 — same programme as for Series One: Thursday, at slight delay.

TEL AVIV "11:11" — All-Beethoven Programme: Horn Sonata (Mel Rimon — Beethoven), Clarinet Trio (Richard Lesser-Lazko — Beethoven), Quintet, opus 4, arranged by M. Reichmann. "The Last Woodwind Quintet" — at the Zavta, Ibn Gabirol St.: Saturday, at 11:11 a.m.

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra — Erich Bergel conducting, Judith Lieber, Harp — works by Ben-Yohanan, Ginnastera, Bruckner — Subscription Concert No. 4, Series 2: Saturday; Series 3: Monday; Series 4: Tuesday; Series 5: Wednesday.

Haifa Symphony Orchestra — Special Concert — Symon Friedman conducting, with Shoshana Rudnikoff, piano; Elyahu Shulman, violin — works by Prokofiev.

Mozart, Francaix, Chopin — at the Haifa Auditorium: Saturday.

NETANYA The Netanya Orchestra — Samuel Lewis conducting. Ramel Bar-Niv, piano — Subscription Concert No. 4 — Mozart, Divertimento, K. 354; Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1; Piano Pieces; Schubert: Symphony No. 9 — at "Ohal Shem" Hall: Monday (Green tickets), and Tuesday (Blue tickets).

RISHON Israel Chamber Ensemble — Gary Bortini conducting, Hillel-Guenter Reish, baritone — programme as for Jerusalem — Subscription Concert No. 3 — Beit Ha'am: Sunday.

YOLON Sonata Evening — Yair Kissa, violin; Pinna Salzman, piano — All-Beethoven programme: Three Sonatas; at the Yad Lashem Cultural Centre: Saturday.

BEERSHEBA Beersheba Chamber Orchestra — Avi Ostrovsky conducting, with Boris Berman, piano — works by Mozart, Reger, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky — at the Conservatory of Music: Wednesday.

OPERA

Israel National Opera presents: "Gala Evening" of Opera, Operetta and Ballet, with the participation of all I.N.O. artists (Saturday); E. Kaiman: "Countess Maritza", conducted by A. Levonon/A. Targi, with Miriam Laron/Ether Baumel, S. Becher, M. Ben-Shachar, Roelien Barak, Roberta Wain, O. Sharon, Y. Shmueli, M. Cherni, R. Rosenblat (Tuesday); Beethoven: "Carmen", produced by Eyal De-Shillig, conducted by P. Chosy/A. Levonon; with Mollia Mouda, Filippo De-Stefano, Esther Baumel/Roelien Barak, Nicholas Rosenblat, M. Ben-Shachar, Robert Wain, Julia Ghik, Y. Shmueli, O. Sharon (in HAIFA — "Armon" Hall: Thursday, at 8 p.m.).

DANCE

The Chamber Dance Company, Choreography by Rina Shaban and Rony Segal. Tel Aviv (Beit Yehoshua). Sat. 8.30.



Richard Harris and Omar Sharif in Richard Lester's "Juggernaut," a mid-Atlantic suspense story set in a luxury liner.

CINEMA

AMARCORD — Federico Fellini's reminiscences of small town Italian life in the 'thirties. Full of fantasy, nostalgia, poetic imaginings and earthy humour. Discouraged but with some magical moments.

AMERICAN GRAFFITI — Amusing and at times touching study of the teenage world of 1962 in a small Californian town. The gifted young cast acts with vitality and spontaneity. For more humane treatment of prisoners with Joan Gable as a probation officer and Alvin Delon as a convict released from jail. Film loses impact towards the end but on the whole it is gripping.

DEATH WISH — Charles Bronson as a vigilante, meeting violence with violence after thugs beat up his wife and daughter with the result that the former dies and the latter becomes deranged. As usual, he performs incredible feats while hardly moving a muscle of his face.

DEUX HOMMES DANS LA VILLE — Film for more humane treatment of prisoners with Joan Gable as a probation officer and Alvin Delon as a convict released from jail. Film loses impact towards the end but on the whole it is gripping.

DIRTY MARY, CRAZY LARRY — Tells of a 100,000-dollar extortion bid in California and the subsequent police pursuit. Features Peter Fonda and Susan George.

THE EXORCIST — William Peter Blatty's film proves to be not more than a horror flick and not so very horrendous at that. The astonishing thing about it is that it should have caused such a hullabaloo. Linda Blair as the diabolically possessed child, and Max von Sydow as the exorcist.

L'AMOUR DE PLUME — Romy Schneider, on holiday with her teenage daughter, meets a young man (Nino Castelnuovo) and indulges in a brief interlude of love with him while the daughter makes her first encounter with sexual attraction. A slight but fairly pleasant intermezzo.

L'AMOUR L'APRES-MIDI — Will a happily married young man (Bertrand Verly) yield to the blandishments of free-living Chloé (Zouzou), the former mistress of an old friend? Written and directed by Eric Rohmer, the film has intelligence and charm and is cool rather than sexy.

AVANTI — Amusing, sweet-sour comedy about an American businessman discovering the truth about dear old Dad and a buxom young English woman finding out she can at least even if overweigh. Arousing continuous chuckles.

BLAZING SADDLES — Take-off of all those westerns Hollywood has over made. Expect anything to happen in this, Mel Brooks' latest extravaganza. (At one point Count Basie and his entire orchestra appear, in evening dress playing the theme song amid the desert cacti.)

LA BONNE ANNEE — Thoroughly enjoyable serio-comedy that is both love story and thriller. Beautifully acted and directed with tact and spirit by Claude Lelouch.

CASABLANCA — Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous slioonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dorely Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scarpas. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun.

THE CONVERSATION — Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola (The Godfather), is the powerful, if overlong story of a wire-tapping expert, whose sardonic observations involve him in a possible murder — and in the terrifying misuse of technology to intrude into people's privacy. Technically perfect, with a superb performance by Gene Hackman as the haunted "bugger".

THE PEDESTRIAN — The subject of the film is an important German industrialist (very well played by Gustav Rudolf Sellner) who is guillotine-ridden by memories of wholesale executions in a Greek village where he was commanding officer in the last world war. Produced, written and directed by Max-Imilian Schell who also plays a small role. Co-produced by Zev Braun of Tel Aviv and Chicago.

SERPICO — Based on the true-life story of crusading New York cop, Serpico, whose fight against police corruption led to the setting up of an investigating commission. Inspiring film with an outstanding performance by Al Pacino in the title role. Directed by Sidney Lumet.

STAVISKY — Alain Resnais' first film in five years revolves round the notorious "Stavisky Affair" of the early 'thirties. Sacha Stavinsky, an arch swindler and charmer, is admirably played by Jean Paul Belmondo with beautiful Anna Lupervey as his adoring wife. Cast includes veteran Charles Boyer, Francois Perier and Richard Rich. The film is beautifully photographed in entrancing colour.

THE STING — Thoroughly enjoyable caper with Paul Newman and Robert Redford as a couple of confidence men who are after a big-time racketeer (Robert Shaw) who did away with one of their buddies. The two principals ooze charm. Directed by George Roy Hill. "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" with excellent recreation of a 'thirties milieu.

THE MARSEILLE CONTRACT — A glossy but run-of-the-mill crime-thriller, with Anthony Quinn as a U.S. drug enforcement officer in Paris trying to break a major French narcotics ring. Stars Michael Caine, James Mason and Maurice Ronet. Short on original ideas.

LE MOUTON ENRAGE — Jean-Louis Trintignant is the sheep who turns into a lion under the influence of his cynical friend Jean-Pierre Cassel. Romy Schneider, Jane Birkin and Florinda Bolkan are the lovely ladies who decorate this alleged comedy. Barely tolerable.

MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS — Agatha Christie's 1934 whodunit makes a highly entertaining picture sumptuously presented in the manner of its period with Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot, famous Belgian sleuth. With a stunning cast of passengers on the train. Sidney Lumet directs.

LUCKY MAN — Malcolm McDowell's life story. Great, great music from Alan Price. To be reviewed.

THUNDERBOLT AND LIGHTFOOT — Yet another bank robbery film, but the heist at the end seems almost incidental. What matters is some memorable photography of Montana's "Big Sky Country" and a striking performance by Jeff Bridges who stars with Clint Eastwood.

WALKING TALL — Over-violent, but moving film based on the true-life adventures of Sheriff Buford Pusser, who succeeded against all odds in eradicating a crime syndicate in Tennessee's McNairy County, to become a folk-hero. Joe Don Baker, as The Sheriff.

WARM DECEMBER — Starts off as what seems to be a thriller but soon turns into a love story set in London and environs. It is all pretty corny but Esther Anderson as the niece of the ambassador of one of the African states makes an appealing heroine who is perfectly lovely to look at. Directed by Sidney Pollack who also plays the male lead.

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Anti-Semitism: 1974

THE NEW ANTI-SEMITISM by Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein. N.Y., McGraw-Hill. 354 pp. \$7.95

Geoffrey Wigoder

ONE OF THE MORE original problems of our times is "Who is an anti-Semite?" In the "halcyon" days of old-fashioned anti-Semitism, there was no such difficulty. It was all very simple: there were Jews and there were anti-Semites. Then came the various shades of liberalism and people arose who were devoid of anti-Semitism. Some of them were so sympathetic to the Jews that they annoyed other so-called liberals. It is significant that when the noted U.S. Jewish Socialist Abraham Cahan introduced a resolution at the First International condemning anti-Semitism, it was carried only after the insertion of a "balancing" clause condemning "philo-Semitism" (thereby enabling the fledgling Socialist Movement to emulate the advice of the Irish preacher who bade his flock tread "the straight and narrow path between right and wrong"). However, well into the 20th century the identification of the anti-Semite remained all too clear.

But recently it has become difficult to determine who is an anti-Semite, as the anti-Semites have convenient cloaks under which to hide. And in this book, Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein, heads of the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League in the U.S., have not always satisfactorily unravelled all the strands.

There are now three major factors to be considered and the borderlines have become completely blurred. First there is "classical" anti-Semitism — hatred of the Jews. This is at its most nakedly obvious in the continuing manifestations from the extreme Right (such as Gerald K. Smith or the National Socialist White People's Party in the U.S., fortunately commanding no serious support). Then there is anti-Israelism — at its most extreme in opposition to the very existence of the State but often expressed in objections to its basic policies. Finally, there is anti-Zionism, notably resentment of the pro-Israel activities of Jews throughout the world (this is apt to lead to insinuations of "dual loyalties").

NOW, you don't have to be anti-Semitic to be anti-Israel (although it seems to help). It must be recognized that it is possible to oppose Zionism or Israel or its policies on grounds of Realpolitik or expediency or out of honest concern for the lot of the Palestinian Arab. There are some Jews who feel this way, and the tendency to dismiss them as "anti-Semitic Jews" is an unfair inaccuracy. Indeed the grouping of all anti-Israel manifestations as expressions of the "New Anti-Semitism" is the main shortcoming of this book.

But the fact is that the distinction has become increasingly difficult — often almost impossible — to make. Anti-Semite groups have jumped onto the anti-Israel bandwagon (especially since 1967) and they are often the tail which wags the dog. A typical alliance of this sort is that between Arab representatives and anti-Semitic



"Anti-Semite groups have jumped on the anti-Israel bandwagon."

groups, for example, in South America.

There has never been an opportunity to test this thesis under "normal" conditions. The international frictions surrounding all stages of the development of the Jewish National Home and the State of Israel have prevented events from running a "natural" course. Meanwhile, anti-Semites have exploited the existence of Israel as an irritant directed against local Jews. This is most apparent in the Soviet Union and the Arab countries.

AFTER 1967 there was the extraordinary episode in Poland in which Israel was clearly used as an excuse for a strong anti-Semitic campaign against the small remaining Jewish community — the whole manoeuvre being a play in a power struggle at the top. This episode created the

concept of "anti-Semitism without Jews."

In general, the existence of Israel enables anti-Semites to accuse Jews of having outside loyalties. This may well be exacerbated by oil crises, even if — so far — the main reaction in the West has been resentment of the Arabs, while succumbing to Arab blackmail.

Of course, to Jews throughout the world the very existence of Israel more than compensates for any new risks to which they might be exposed. Forster and Epstein rightly stress that the non-Jewish world to this day does not understand the centrality of Israel to Jews everywhere. This lack of understanding is not in itself an expression of anti-Semitism but in certain combinations — for example, in Church circles — the line again becomes hard to draw. Certainly anti-Semitism

remains widespread, under various guises, and the outlook remains discouraging. For one thing, the immediate impact of the Holocaust with the sense of guilt it engendered has all but worn off. Then, the ideology of the New Left has been absorbed into the substructure of the youth culture, even though its organizational structure has broken down. The new generations do not see Jews as victims but, on the contrary, view both the Jewish community and Israel as having "made it" and as embodying a success motif which they resent. In addition, the economic crisis into which the world has moved, with its threats of widespread unemployment, as well as aspects of the fuel problem, may well generate classical anti-Semitic situations. Interwoven with all these problems is the impact of Israel.

Perhaps unwittingly, the U.S. Chief of Staff's recent statement illustrates the muddled thinking that has emerged. His targets were: (1) Israel, which is making security demands that — some people allege — could potentially weaken the U.S. (2) Zionists — the friends of Israel in the U.S., who allegedly have an entry into every circle and can control policies; and (3) the ordinary Jews, who allegedly control the banks and the press. It sounds sickeningly familiar and, truth to tell, the New Anti-Semitism is not so far removed from the Old.

Most instructive is the Soviet attitude. The Kremlin's virulent anti-Israel campaign (also especially since 1967) has been linked in its propaganda with the projection of an image of a world Jewish conspiracy masterminded by Zionists and Jewish capitalists, deriving directly from the notorious "Protocols of the Elders of Zion." (A 1972 pamphlet issued by the Soviet Embassy in Paris directed against Israel's "ambitions" was challenged in a French court and shown to be a word-for-word reprint of an anti-Semitic work published in 1900 by the "Black Hundreds" in Czarist Russia.) Soviet cartoons reproduce the Jewish stereotypes too well-known from Nazi and earlier anti-Semitic literature. This combination is intended to fan not only anti-Israel but general anti-Jewish emotions. Inside the Soviet Union, it is part of the projected picture of the "unassimilable Jew" which has

contributed largely to the continuing isolation — and hence, Jewish identity — of Soviet Jewry. This Soviet projection has penetrated the Western world through the Radical Left which, in its opposition to Israel, has attacked the supporters of Israel — primarily the Jews. They have not done so in terms of plain anti-Semitism (many of these Leftist leaders have themselves been Jewish) but have directed their attack against the "Jewish establishment," "the Jewish middle class mentality," and the like.

In the U.S. they have accused the Jews of being anti-Black and have sometimes collaborated with outright anti-Semites. The strong emergence of anti-Semitic challenges from the more extreme Left in the later 1960s took the Jewish "defence" agencies in the U.S. by surprise (they were poised to meet challenges from the extreme Right). But this was less unexpected to students of the history of Left-wing movements which have frequently in the past exhibited an anti-Jewish bias (often emanating from socialists of Jewish origin of whom Marx is the outstanding instance).

The other new source of anti-Semitism, which took American Jews by surprise, was the American Black community. The previous Jewish-Black cooperation in the struggle for civil rights had lulled the Jews into a conviction that the two communities were allies, and they were taken by surprise by the virulent anti-Semitic tones heard from the radical Black leaders who rose rapidly to power in the late 1960s. As no scientific survey has been done on Black attitudes to Jews, it is still not known how widespread this new attitude is. The general opinion among Jews (including Forster and Epstein) is that it is not representative of the Black masses. It is fed largely by economic jealousy, although some Black leaders often inject notes of anti-Semitism and anti-Israel "Third World" identification.

It is ironic today to recall the argument of the early Zionist ideologists that the establishment of a Jewish State would lead to a normalization of attitudes to Jews in the Diaspora, including the disappearance of significant anti-Semitic pressures. The Jews, it was believed, would be no more under group pressure than, say, the Irish or Italians in the U.S.

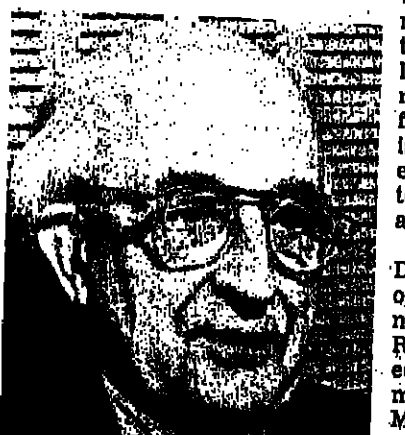
the Disarmament Section. It is a fascinating book in which the great figures of the day are masterfully sketched on the background of the moving international scene. The reader is able to watch at close range the League's first hopeful days and its road down to impotence and frustration. Needless to say, there is much one can learn from the evolving picture, and the parallels to be drawn to our present days are self-implied.

The endless deliberations in the Disarmament Committee are just one example. When, at one of its meetings in the early 'thirties, Russia's Maxim Litvinov proposed a total and immediate disarmament by everybody, de Madariaga told the assembled members the following story: Once the animals decided to disarm and so they met in conference. The bull, looking at the wings to a minimum size; the eagle, saying the lion, proposed that all claws should be cut down; the lion, staring at the elephant, demanded that all tusks should be

filed off or extracted; and the elephant, winking at the bull, said something about horns; whereupon the bear came forward and demanded that all weapons of every kind whatever should be done away with, so that nothing remained but a fraternal hug.

De Madariaga writes with extraordinary lucidity, his insight and wit combining in highlighting the interaction of people and events without burdening the reader with superfluous detail. His vast experience and clarity of mind also keep him from moralizing. It is a book one enjoys reading, though not without a feeling of sadness. As De Madariaga observes in conclusion:

"The forces at work in that ocean which is mankind were overwhelming for even the strongest individual spirit. We, poor men, did our best. We were not able to do better. When we endeavoured to go through it again in our battered souls, the feeling that comes to the surface is best cast in that poignant utterance of Othello: 'Oh, Iago, the pity of it!'"



Salvador de Madariaga, the Spanish liberal, is renowned as both statesman and versatile writer. He is the author of 22 novels, nine plays, several volumes of poetry, and important works in the field of political science, of which his "Disarmament," published in 1929, is still considered a basic work on the subject.

The lost League

MORNING WITHOUT NOON: MEMOIRS by Salvador de Madariaga. Hampshire, Saxon House. 441 pp. £6.75.

Joshua Justman

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA, the Spanish liberal, is renowned as both statesman and versatile writer. He is the author of 22 novels, nine plays, several volumes of poetry, and important works in the field of political science, of which his "Disarmament," published in 1929, is still considered a basic work on the subject.

Now, aged 86 and living in Switzerland, de Madariaga has published this volume of his memoirs, covering the period from 1921, when he joined the permanent staff of the League of

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1975

Vast spaces of the soul

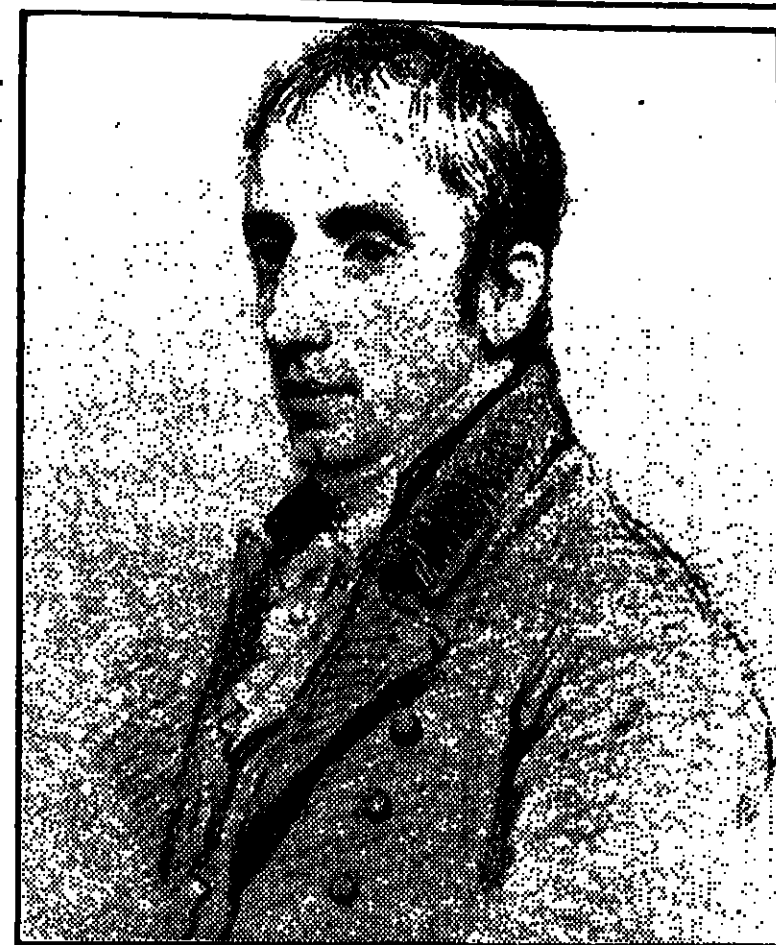
Rochelle Furstenberg

THE PARTICIPANTS in the 38th P.E.N. (Poets, Essayists, Novelists) International Congress which took place in Jerusalem the week of December 16 came to a country besieged. The Congress had been scheduled for December, 1973 but was postponed when the Yom Kippur War broke out; none of the P.E.N. Centres in the East Bloc or "Third World" countries sent delegates. For those who did come, it is to their credit that they came now when siege, normal as it might be, is still with us. Indeed, as the Israeli writer Yitzhak Orpaz said in his talk to the Congress, we are a people that has been in siege throughout our history. This is "perhaps what makes us unique," he said. "Ours is a literature of siege."

But it emerged from the literary discussions of the Congress that siege is also a universal condition of the soul in our modern world. And literature, soul's offspring, is beleaguered and embattled. It is besieged not only by squinty-eyed censors and threats of world destruction, but by the mass-media culture of the contemporary world which blares its way into our souls.

Exposed and floundering in the large empty spaces of the universe, bombarded by the noises modern society pours upon us, writers have to take cover, find refuge in some corner of the big world: the world cannot be embraced all or at once, the variety of writers speaking at the Congress said.

National literature (which the writers strongly differentiated from nationalistic literature) becomes, then, a haven of security in our besieged world. As Britain's V.S. Pritchett, P.E.N. International President, pointed out, "In this age of mass communication, the whole world is served up to us, but we do not have time to digest it. We must turn to national literature which works more slowly, and allows for the possibility of reflection." Through such reflection we come to know places and people more intimately, more profoundly.



William Wordsworth: "The world is too much with us..."

Perhaps it was because no delegates from Eastern Europe were present that censorship and related problems, though deplored, were not dealt with extensively. Rather the state of the contemporary Western writer, who in Saul Bellow's words, is "free and fed," was at the centre of concern. The paradox of the modern technological world which challenges the writer is that "more can mean less;" the more information communicated, the less communication; the more said in the nondescript, non-rooted language which Israel's Shulamit Hareven calls "universal sales," the less understood.

Shulamit Hareven, fiction writer and social and cultural commentator, sees the contemporary writer's problems in terms of culture in an overpopulated world. In such a world, she feels, a

new popular culture, not organically rooted in ancient languages and cultures, but resembling a hodge-podge of tourist high spots, is inevitable. Under such circumstances, how is a writer to write? Granting that it might be a reactionary answer, she asserted simply that the writer must continue to write about what he knows. There is no guarantee that his humble words will prevail. Over and again, speakers at the Congress expressed the need for faith in the writer's mission.

PROFESSOR Jascha Kessler, a poet and critic from the University of California in Los Angeles, attributed what he called, a "meta-identity" to poets. "They embody something beyond their own selves," he contended, "for they are the curators of a culture's

archaic remains. They have an ideal identity borne of living close to the poetry of the past." "But," he warned, "the poet must be on guard against those in our modern world who would package his meta-identity." He pointed out that not only mass media, academic institutions, and national causes threatened it, but also what he called the social-scientist mentality of our day which would reduce the poet to measurable and tractable social behaviour.

Ironically, Prof. Kessler sounded very much like a sociology professor talking about the poet's soul. It was Saul Bellow who presented that soul.

Quoting William Wordsworth, "the world is too much with us," Bellow bemoaned what the art critic Harold Rosenberg has called "the state of world radical distraction" which the modern world thrusts upon us. He pointed out that some writers are "falling in love with that which should only be endured." Frustrated by their own lack of power, they appropriate power from the headline world of terrorists and politics, for they want to be "interesting" and "interesting" follows power. But what really makes a writer interesting is the soul, said Bellow as he called on writers to re-affirm their belief in the imagination, using imagination in the Romantic sense of the soul's "seeing into the essence of things." In a world besieged by "expertise," where it is felt that the imaginative way of knowing is no longer valid, Bellow summoned writers back to the old epistemology of knowing the world through intuition and insight.

Bellow's "imagination," like Pritchett's "reflection," Kessler's "meta-identity" and Hareven's simple call to write about "what we know," is a method to recover for the writer what Bellow called "significant space." This allows the writer to raise his head in an assertion of individual judgment and save him from floundering "helplessly in the public realm."

This process of escaping the glare of the large, public realm, and stopping to look into one's own distinct person and place, is exemplified by the recent developments in certain national literatures. It was evident in the discussions on the literatures of the Middle East and French Canada, but I was surprised to

discover that writers of a nation as established as English Canada were also beginning to look at themselves and discover their own distinctiveness.

There is a French-Canadian P.E.N. Centre, but no English one, and one of the Canadian participants in the Congress was here as a representative, as it were — in the official capacity of observer of this resurgent Anglo-Canadian cultural-literary consciousness: Chaviva Hosek, Assistant Professor of Literature at the University of Toronto and a critic. She was born in Czechoslovakia in 1946, spent a few of her early childhood years in Israel, got her doctorate at Harvard, and speaks a fluent Hebrew. She described the dilemma of English Canada's writing:

"Having never had a revolution, Canada for a long time saw itself as tied to the original culture of its English and Scottish settlers. It was also overwhelmed by the American giant to the South. It did not see its own distinctiveness. It has only been in the last 10 years that Canadians have begun to have a sense of their own place. They have begun to name where they are. Toronto is distinctively Toronto. It isn't New York or Chicago or just any other American city. English writers are beginning to embark upon the imaginative conquest of space. A regionalism and a certain curiosity about different regions of the country is developing in Canadian writing."

She went on to describe enthusiastically, a Toronto theatre group which goes out into mining villages and factory towns recording the life and manner of speech for dramatic presentation. "Other writers are beginning to give expression to their fascination with the vast, cold spaces to the North, as Al Purdy does in his poetry about the Eskimos."

Prof. Hosek pointed out that the character of English-Canadian Montreal — in the heart of French Canada — has only relatively recently been discovered and portrayed by Jews. Through the Jewish idiom it has been given a sense of itself. "But of course," Prof. Hosek said, "one has to have a place to start, and Jews have some place to start."

Perhaps that's what national literature is all about and that is why it's so important today. In the "vast spaces" of the modern soul, it's a place to start.

Crossing Sahara

THE FEARFUL VOID by Geoffrey Moorhouse. New York J.B. Lippincott Company. 288 pp. \$10.

Dora Sowden

IN THE FIRST FEW PAGES, the author gives the reason for his journey across the Sahara: to conquer fear. While on a plane from Sierra Leone at the end of some field work for a book on 19th-century missionaries, he looked down on the desert. Seeing its "terrible immensity," he decided that the fearful void of the Sahara would combat that other fearful void within him: "fear of being afraid."

He planned to travel by camel and on foot from the Atlantic to the Nile, and he saw the hazards of the 3,000 miles as the "ultimate



Ibrahim, the trustworthy helper.

forms" of his fears. Having finished his book on missionaries, he set out on this new trip.

He describes in dramatic detail the pitfalls on the way to Timbuktu (his spelling) and onwards in a zigzag to the Hoggar

Mountains. He did not get to the Nile. Thirst, hunger, cold, heat, dirt and disease exhausted his capacity for endurance. He ended at a hermitage where the Vicomte Charles de Foucault had made his home and met his death.

By then Moorhouse had covered 2,000 miles, and had crossed Mauritania, Mali and Algeria. He had also collected enough material for an almost minute-by-minute thriller. The actual facts consisted of no more than the daily drudgery and tedium of getting from one waterhole to another. Yet the effect is as fascinating as a flat-fight.

TO MAKE this journey, Geoffrey Moorhouse had to hire Arab helpers, for it was impossible for one man alone to manage the camels, load and unload them, make and strike camp. His description of the characters and habits of the men he hired leaves no romantic images. Their "deviousness" — in extorting money, food, medicines and whatever else they could get from

him is a vital part of the story. They even wasted his precious time — an important factor if he was to reach his objective before the lethal desert summer.

Only one hired Arab — the last one — was at all trustworthy. Though the Beduin whom they encountered were mostly helpful, and once or twice even life-savers (by providing water), there were occasions when it was safest to get away from them.

Moorhouse describes step by step the desert life in which food was mostly scarce, water quite often filthy, clothes always verminous and nature harshly swinging from biting winds to choking sandstorms, from frosty nights to furnace-hot days. In the course of his progress from one waterhole to another, one oasis to another, camels died and he himself nearly died more than once. He once drank 28 pints ("not much emerging as urine") — so dehydrated did he become.

Though he is very frank about his bodily functions and doesn't gloss over the truth about himself and others, the fascination of the

desert and of his narrative steadily increases. One becomes more curious about the man than about his journey, but his home circumstances remain veiled. One gleams that there are two women in his life, "I" and "A," one the mother of his two children.

In the last pages, he writes: "I rose feeling tired, with a tide of depression lapping gently round the ankles of my soul... I knew I could not go on. I did not wish to go back. But I must do this. I must return to my own people. Only with them could I replenish what had been poured out of me in the ride across Mauritania, in the collapse before Tombouctou, in the sandstorms near the well of Asier, and in the long march with Ibrahim by the edge of the Tanenarout... Then I started down the track to begin my journey home. I had made a kind of peace with myself. The rest would have to come slowly..."

Geoffrey Moorhouse may not have reached the Nile, but his story of his attempt is, by no means a record of failure. As a book, it is undoubtedly a success.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE FIFTEEN

PAGE FOURTEEN

What happened to Corporal (Res.) EITAN CASPI in the desert?

The same thing could happen to you

Read about it in the gripping novel

SHNAYIM (Two)

by Arnon Hadar

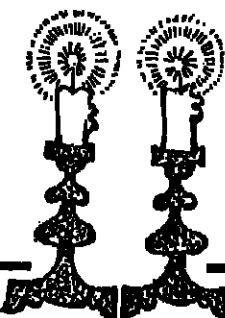
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Programme Friday, January 3, 1975, 8.30 p.m.

*The Israel — Diaspora Relationship;
an emerging Issue
in Jewish Community Life*

Professor GERALD BUBIS
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Learning the Jews

THE MITZVOT: The Commandments and Their Rationale by Abraham Chail. Jerusalem, Keter. 508 pp.

Moshe Kohn

IN THIS AGE of God's "death" or "eclipse" (depending on which theologian's or philosopher's formulation one follows), there has been a proliferation of theological talking and writing — a con-fabulation of the doctors of theology to do the *post mortem* on God and debate the findings. It is probably no coincidence that this age coincides with the one meant by Dostoevsky when he said: "If there is no God, then everything is allowed."

The ancient Talmudic Sages, on the other hand, ascribe to God the anguished words: "Let them forget about Me, if only they would observe My Torah." In plain words, the Sages seem to be saying: God doesn't care whether we "believe" in Him or not, doesn't care what we think or don't think about His "nature" and "attributes"; all that concerns Him is that we should study and live, order our lives and the world, by His precepts.

So it is probably no coincidence that the classical Hebrew words for what we call "religion" — "da" and "halacha" — really mean "law" or "custom" or "going" (in the sense of "way"). And that the Jewish Sages stress again and again that God com-



Dostoevsky: "If there is no God..."

manded people to observe precepts and commandments not because He requires our offerings or our deeds, but in order that we should conduct ourselves in a way that would give content, meaning, order, beauty to our lives.

Although the Sages also attribute to God the declaration: "I am God only if you are My witnesses" — that is, God is God only if there are creatures attesting His Godship by behaving in a Godly manner, a sovereign rules only if he has subjects pledging their allegiance to him and obeying his laws; a leader is a leader only if he has followers.

Jewish life traditionally is based on a system of 613 *mitzvot* — the Commandments outlined in the Torah — 248 "shaltas" and 365 "shalt nots." This count is not intrinsic to the way the *mitzvot* are listed in the Torah — which actually seems to contain numerous more imperative statements — but is laid down by the Talmudic Sages. And there is not even universal agreement among them or among the later Sages — notably Maimonides, whose system

became the normative one, and Nahmanides — as to which of the Torah's imperatives should be counted among the 613.

And of course, over the ages this basic system of "The 613 Mitzvot" has been elaborated into a system of thousands of detailed acts which must or should or may be done or not done, in the area of both ritual and ethical conduct, both private and public behaviour. This elaboration was necessary because, with rare exceptions, the Torah itself provides only the barest statement of the commandment, without any details whatever as to how it should be performed. We begin to know the details only from what is recorded in the Talmud about the general practice.

In the book under review, Rabbi Chail, a scholar and former American rabbi now living in Jerusalem, beautifully outlines the 613 commandments as stated in the Torah, and for each one gives a summary of the Talmudic elaboration, a small selection of remarks from the classical commentaries, and a selected bibliography of source references.

Doubtless, this book and its subject matter do not reflect the way the great majority of Jews today live. But without understanding the *mitzvot* and the role they have played in Jewish life and thought over the ages, one really understands nothing about the Jews. Anyone wishing to gain this understanding will be off to an excellent start by studying this book. And Jews who live — or think they live — by the *mitzvot* but aren't really quite sure about everything they are doing will also profit greatly from reading Rabbi Chail's book.

Why they failed

THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST by David Halberstam. Fawcett Publications, Greenwich, Conn., 818 pp., \$1.85. Bibliography and index.

Theodore H. Friedgut

HERE IS A BOOK which should be mandatory reading for every policy-maker, civil and military, in Israel. It can also be read with enjoyment and profit by every citizen concerned with the problems of decision-making in the bureaucratic structures of a democracy.

David Halberstam is a journalist whose reports from Vietnam won him a Pulitzer prize. This study of how America slid into the Vietnam entanglement goes far beyond journalism. Halberstam combines rich psychological insights into the men who held power in Washington with a historian's sense of the flow of events, and a veteran politician's feeling for the subtleties of bureaucratic struggle.

The question which Halberstam poses is why America became involved in Vietnam to the point of national tragedy. "What was it about the men, their attitudes, the country, its institutions and above all the era, which allowed this tragedy to take place?"

The "best and the brightest" were recruited to serve America's presidents because they represented the intellectual elite of the country. Their common feature was a faith that rational, sophisticated analysis, controlling the application of America's vast

power, could solve any political or social problem.

In addition, Halberstam draws a vivid picture of the Presidents they served. John F. Kennedy was the hope-inspiring symbol of the return of rational, cultured humanism to the pinnacle of American power. Lyndon B. Johnson wanted above all to be the greatest domestic benefactor of the American citizen in this century, but left office broken in health and spirit by the knowledge that he had led his country into a senseless, unnecessary war in which there could be no victory. Both Presidents tried to ignore Vietnam. They denied its importance, subordinating it to other international and domestic considerations, until it flared into an ugly, all-consuming conflagration which very nearly destroyed the United States.

THERE ARE few heroes and few villains in Halberstam's account. The reader who comes seeking an expose of a rapaciously malevolent industrial-military complex, or a conspiracy of power-mad politicians, will be disappointed. To be sure, elements of conspiracy exist. Information is withheld and distorted by U.S. ambassadors and generals, so that the President's closest advisers will get the kind of facts that the President supposedly wants to hear.

Policy evaluation is a delicate task in any case. The ability to weigh existing policy "conceptions" against dissenting data and opinions demands rare perceptiveness and high moral courage. The strength needed to abandon failing policies, with all a country's moral, material and reputational resources that have been invested in them, is very nearly superhuman. One of the important aspects of this book is

that, in addition to providing a brilliant study of the difficulties of changing old policies, Halberstam bluntly sets forth the terrible human and national price to be paid when ego-involvement and ideological predispositions blunt the sensitivities of statesmen and their advisers.

Poems

Talat Halman

*Birds of freedom
Create the sky
All over again
("This poem is dedicated to the achievement and the spirit of Israel.")*

*If ants unite
Elephants might topple*

*Without a heart
Science
Is a shroud*

*There shall be no justice
Unless
God knows hunger*

*Greed
Is a blindman
Who walks with a blind dog*

Talat S. Halman, poet, translator and Professor of Turkish Studies at Princeton University, was senior U.S. delegate at the recent 89th International P.E.N. Congress in Jerusalem, where he delivered a paper on Near Eastern literatures and gave a reading of his poetry. Born in Turkey, he was that country's first Minister of Culture. He has been living in the U.S. since 1952.

Looping the loop hole

Ephraim Kishon

SOME TIME AGO Zalman Weintraub, the noted matza baker from Jerusalem, commissioned a solemn toast from me, which he, Mr. Weintraub, would reel off in response to warm greetings his admirers and employees were to deliver as a surprise at the jubilee party. Weintraub offered me for the spontaneous toast a writer's fee of \$230. In three equal instalments, and I, needless to say, was overjoyed at the windfall.

However, after applying some elementary arithmetic, I found that the effort was not worth while, since I would have to travel twice to Jerusalem in my car, and the fuel would cost more than would be left of the fee after the 87.4 per cent taxes and levies were deducted.

"You'll have to find some way of fixing it," the little wife opined. "Go and see Spielberger."

Spielberger is the best tax adviser in town, a shrewd expert familiar with every loophole in the existing laws, since he himself drafted them when he was still head of the Treasury's investigation department. He listened with knitted brows.

"The question, sir," he said when I finished my piece, "is, do you earn more than IL700 a month?"

"I'm afraid I do."

"Don't you by any chance plan to leave the country. Emigrants get certain exemptions..."

"No, I'm staying."

"Then it's a difficult situation," the expert concluded. "Couldn't you go to Jerusalem by taxi?"

"No, I couldn't," I explained. "I get sick in those big cars."

"Sit next to the driver." "I can't take the risk. At the last moment some pregnant woman might show up and take my seat..."

TWO DAYS LATER we had another session.

"There are two possible solutions," the expert informed me. "The first is quite simple: your wife will have to buy a company with registered losses and serve as your literary agent."

"Fine," I said. "We'll shop around for one."

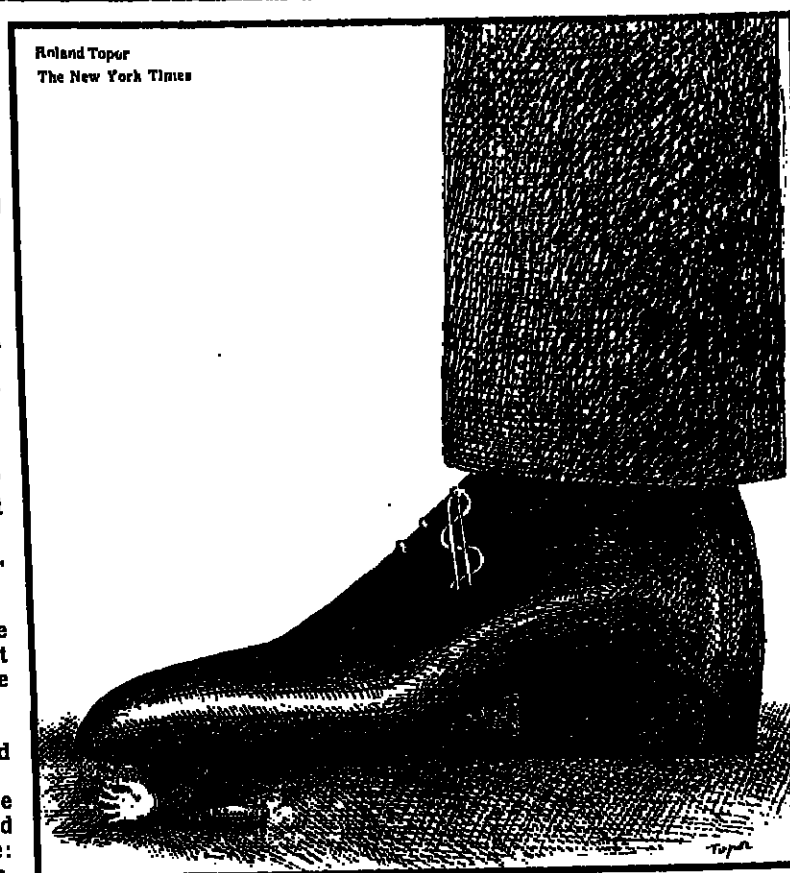
"Just a sec," said Spielberger. "It is a *sine qua non* that you may not be personally involved in the company in any form whatsoever, since she is representing you. Are you by any chance getting divorced?"

"Not yet."

"Never mind, we'll manage somehow. Your wife's company will get your whole fee from Jerusalem and not pay tax on it, since this sum will only diminish the company's losses."

"Marvellous idea."

"Wait. The money is now registered with your wife's com-



pany, but the problem is: how to get it out of there. If your wife simply withdraws the money from the company as her fee, she'll have to pay tax on it."

"Oy!" "There is a way out. Your wife's company will have to set up a subsidiary in your son's name, and she'll take out a life insurance for you in the amount of the writer's fee you'll receive from Mr. Weintraub. As you know, life insurance premiums are tax-exempt."

"Do I have to die?"

"That would be the ideal solution, but it isn't a must. There's a certain kind of insurance called 'the living dead,' which makes it

disposal the insurance payments which will be refunded to me at the end of the three-year period."

"You're a genius!"

"Wait. You'll have to pay 87.4 per cent income tax on every pound."

"Oh?" "So I'll pay you by libelling you."

"I beg your pardon?" "Since last summer, this is the only possible way of affecting payments between two permanent residents. According to the present law you don't have to pay tax on damages for libel awarded to you by a regular court."

"Why not?" "Because it's accepted as an expense."

"Splendid!" "Thank you. Only two months ago I managed to transfer IL500 to a contractor. True, this necessitated my slapping his face twice, but in your case a bit of inductive will do. For instance, we'll say that you've got a Hungarian accent."

"That's not libel," I said. "I really have got a slight accent." "In three years' time it might be gone."

"I can't trust in miracles."

"We'll find a way out. What matters is that you should sue me for libel and the damages awarded should exactly cover the refunded insurance payments which your son's subsidiary will effect in my favour as a trust fund in the amount of the writer's fee which Mr. Weintraub will pay into the losses of your wife's company. Do you approve of the idea?"

"Sounds all right," I had to admit. "But you said something about a second solution."

"Yes," stated Spielberger. "Don't give a receipt and don't declare anything."

"That's out. I don't want complications."

By arrangement with Maariv

Translated by Yohanan Goldman



Dry Bones

A BRIEF GUIDE TO ISRAELI NON-VERBAL COMMUNICATION

THE TASK

A TURN OF THE HEAD, RAISED EYEBROWS, AND A SUCKING CLICK OF A "TSK" MEANS: "NO, STUPID!"

QUESTION: "THIS ITEM I BOUGHT IS DEFECTIVE, CAN I EXCHANGE IT?"

ANS: TSK

QUESTION: "IS MR. BEN-DUM IN? I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT..."

ANS: TSK

THE HAND

MEANS: "PATIENCE, MY GOOD MAN!"

OLD TIMER CROSSING STREET STOPS ONCOMING TRAFFIC WITH SIMPLE GESTURE.

THE FINGER

AN ALTERNATE TO "TSK"

THE METRONOME

TSK TSK TSK

COMBINATION FINGER AND A PURSED LIPPED TSK... DEVASTATING!

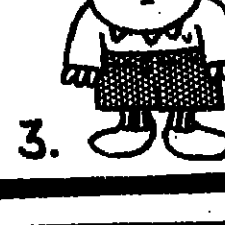
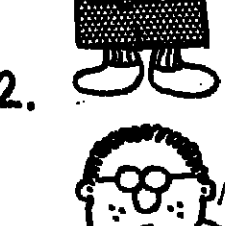
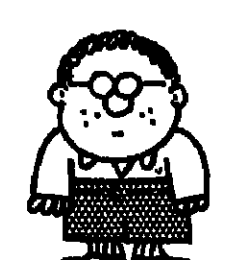
THE SHRUG

YOU TELL THE KID TO GO TO BED AND HE ANSWERS WITH A THREE STEP NON-VERBAL "NO!"...

1.

2.

3.



Incomplete private view

"ART IN ISRAEL" is the first presentation of the subject in a long time, rather more handsome than it is complete, very professionally designed (by Yishai Afek) and printed. It is a triumph for photographer Israel Zafir, who succeeds, particularly in the colour plates, in flatteringly many of the originals. This first edition is in reasonable English, with only a few misspellings of names. The 21 by 18 cm. format is also cleverly aimed at the gift trade and no tourist will find it a physical burden.

The 48-page introduction is by teacher and critic Ran Shechori, who also selected the plates; this is essentially his book. Though the plates begin with Melnikov's Lion at Tel Hai and conclude with conceptual photographs by Gershuni, Geva and Ullman, it is by no means a totally complete or objective history: a great many interesting and accomplished artists are not even mentioned, much less illustrated; on the other hand, others are represented with four works. Worse, the comments on many of the artists are over-brief and unnecessarily superficial, often confined to a one-line description of only the type of work that is illustrated.

Nevertheless, the history is fairly complete, from the arrival of Prof. Boris Schatz and the founding of Bezalel, to the search for identity, the infatuation with the "oriental" in the 'twenties, the genre and landscape of the 'thirties and the biblical motifs. The rise of formalism, abstract impressionism and abstract expressionism are all dealt with, as are the subsequent symbolists, neo-expressionists, surrealists, minimal painters and sculptors and the semi-pop artists, as well as the younger experimental non-painters. It is a formidable list and it constitutes a not inconsiderable national success, from the David's Tower show to the more recent "10 Plus" group; which broke with New Horizons

ART IN ISRAEL by Ran Shechori. With 55 colour plates and 98 duotone photographs by Israel Zafir. 200pp., Sadan, Tel Aviv.

Reviewed by
Meir Ronnen

abstraction and painting on canvas.

Of course events in Israel were always a bit behind the times. In this connection, Shechori has one very incisive comment to make:

"The difficulties in absorbing art trends of the decade also derive from other factors: the weaknesses of art education in Israel, the lack of technical skills of a high order, the absence of adequate workshops and craftsmen to carry out the instructions of artists."

But he makes no mention of small steps in the right direction: the various gobein studios or the Burston Graphic Centre.

Shechori also says there are no funds for and little support of "Happenings," "Earth Art" or "Environmental Art" without making any mention of the Neustein-Marx-Baile group that also played a prominent role in the Israel Museum-sponsored "Labyrinth" show, a milestone which sealed the break with painting of the sixties. Some of the other "Labyrinth" artists, like Gershuni, Geva, Danziger and Druks, are represented here, but that important show goes unrecorded. That Neustein does not get even a mention is also inexplicable.

None of Israel's famous naives are accorded an illustration, not even the pre-eminent Shalom of Safad; Jerusalem's Ben-Zion and Gabriel Cohen are not even mentioned, though Cohen's work was illustrated in the catalogue of the recent Zurich International Naive Show.

The chief of a long line of omissions, however, is Benni Efrat, one of the most important

Israeli sculptors and graphic artists working in non-conventional materials and in a non-conventional manner. He gets one mention but no description, no biography and no illustration. Yet Ygael Tumarkin is accorded the longest entry and the most illustrations: five, including the jacket cover! On the other hand, really inventive sculptors like Hadany and Eshet are given two lines and two views of a single work; and there is only one by Karavan (the Knesset wall) and no mention of his Negev Memorial or Tel Aviv Courthouse. Kadishman and Buky Schwartz are better treated, but Shlomo Koren is left out altogether. Yet Romberg is given two illustrations where one would have sufficed. And if Palombo is included, why not a public work by Bezalel Schatz? I fail to understand why Belgium's Constant rates a photo, even if this distinguished sculptor was born offshore and spent four years here 50 years ago. Historically, Abel Pann, Ludwig Blum and Ziona Tagger's portraits should rather have been included.

We should also have been treated to a mention and illustration of the paintings of Ivan Schwabel and Louise Schatz, particularly as there was no need to reproduce so many works by Ardou, Steimatsky, Strelchman, Aroch, Kadishman and Agam, each of whom are represented with either three or four works. I say this without offering value comparisons: the above omissions are inexcusable, as are perhaps others, from Lilien to Zeinstra and Cohen-Gan.

The publishers assure us that a subsequent Hebrew edition will be bigger and more complete; but surely this edition, the window on the Israeli art world, should have been equally well-balanced. While "Art in Israel" is essentially an album, it could, with just a little more effort, have become a useful mini-encyclopaedia.

Modern Makonde sculpture on show in Tel Aviv

GIL GOLDFINE

TRADITIONAL CEREMONIAL art, as an indigenous element in the art of tribal Africa, is a phenomenon of the past. Because of many historical factors, spirit worship and ritualism, which created the necessity for producing votive figures, fetishes and dance masks, are on the wane.

"Modern" African sculpture recalls the primary images, style and materials but differs completely in concept, purpose and form. It is made strictly for export and the tourist trade and has no ritual function.

The Makonde, a matrilineal farming tribe of the Tanzania-Mozambique region, have however produced the most notable contemporary art on the east and south coast of Africa. While producing in com-



A Makonde sculpture at the Ten Fingers Gallery, Tel Aviv.

mercial quantities, Makonde sculptors have maintained an individual approach with varied and unique forms. The productive centre of Makonde art is Dar es Salaam, where large groups of sculptors create (in organized workshops) ebony statues, reliefs and decorative items. This group atmosphere has prolonged the Makonde artisan's involvement in tribal folklore.

TWO STYLES

An exhibit of very recent Makonde sculpture at Ruth Hefner's Ten Fingers Gallery, Tel Aviv, shows two distinct stylistic directions. Both are entrenched in tribal mythology and so subject matter is similar throughout. Ancestors, elders, matrilineal ceremony, life and death are all common themes. Their interpretation and configuration changes from a dynamically conceived expressive naturalism to an overly simplified stylization of organic form.

Belonging to the first style are the *ujama* pieces, describing the important life-force ethic of the Makonde. Devoted to ancestral worship or to imaginary *shetani* (folk spirit) figures, they usually rise on a vertical axis and are sometimes cylindrical, elaborately composed of many interwoven and folded figures. The grotesque features express the sculptor's purpose: to dramatize an event which, although invented, can become artistically acceptable through a distinct flow of linear design and explicitly carved rhythmic forms. Here a parallel can be drawn between the traditional magical tasks of the native craftsman and his product, unlike the banal descriptions of the second style: forced gestural figures, lacking detail, mysterious and surface signs of the artist's hand.

In contrast to the varied tones and beautiful patinas of the venerable soft woods (used extensively in tribal art) modern Makonde sculpture is produced entirely from ebony. The dark colour and consistently smooth surface injects into the art a mechanical, almost automated feeling. No matter how expressive the form or mysterious the subject matter, the shiny texture reduces the merit of the work, and places it in the realm of industrialized manufactured giftware.

THIS VINTAGE SINGER, like wine, has mellowed with age and like the drink, when you partake, it truly warms your heart.

"I want you to feel as though I'm in your living room — 'cos mine's too small." The audience bubbles with laughter, but rather than bathe in the applause, Memphis has already started his next number.

Whether it is a straight, 12-bar blues rocker, "Every Day," or the very bluesy "Stewball" (not that ever Peter, Paul and Whittall would ever recognize it), Slim's big hands span the keyboard he knows so well. His left thumb out an insistent beat, leaving his right to add any necessary embroidery. He raps through songs in a way that makes Leon Russell sound positively dumb. He uses his material to joke with his audience. ("If you see Kay" — get it?) while at the same time keeping them occupied through participation, as in "Baby, please come home."

The warm atmosphere he creates stems from the intimacy of his songs, which can change mood in a couple of bars, from a slow, bad-luck story to a boogie-woogie, full-blown stomp. Add to this his purity of approach and you can understand why Memphis Slim has the reputation of being the last of the real barrel-house pianists. A true entertainer.

THEATRE / Mendel Kohansky

Ionesco's coup

MACBETH and the other characters of Shakespeare's play, the heroes as well as the villains, are all monumental figures: in their breasts mighty passions rage; their deeds, good or evil, are on a heroic scale, they remain great even in defeat, making the earth tremble under their fall. In contrast, the personages in Eugene Ionesco's "Mac-bett," a play which borrows plot and characters from Shakespeare, are a sorry gang of clowns, mindless murderers animated by momentary, mechanical urges.

Duncan, who in Shakespeare's drama is an awesome figure, inspiring powerful devotions and hatreds, appears here as a fat slob, a mean, greedy, slavering coward and liar. He is instantly recognizable as a direct descendant of King Ubu, the arch-slob from the play by Alfred Jarry, Ionesco's forerunner, and mentor.

Shakespeare, the man of the Renaissance, the child of the Elizabethan era, saw mankind awakening to the light of reason, to the most dazzling hopes for the future. Four centuries later, Ionesco saw those hopes go up in smoke from the chimneys of Dachau, watched his adopted country capitulate again and again to military and economic brute power, saw statesmen and generals act like fools and clowns. Hence "Macbeth" and "Mac-bett."

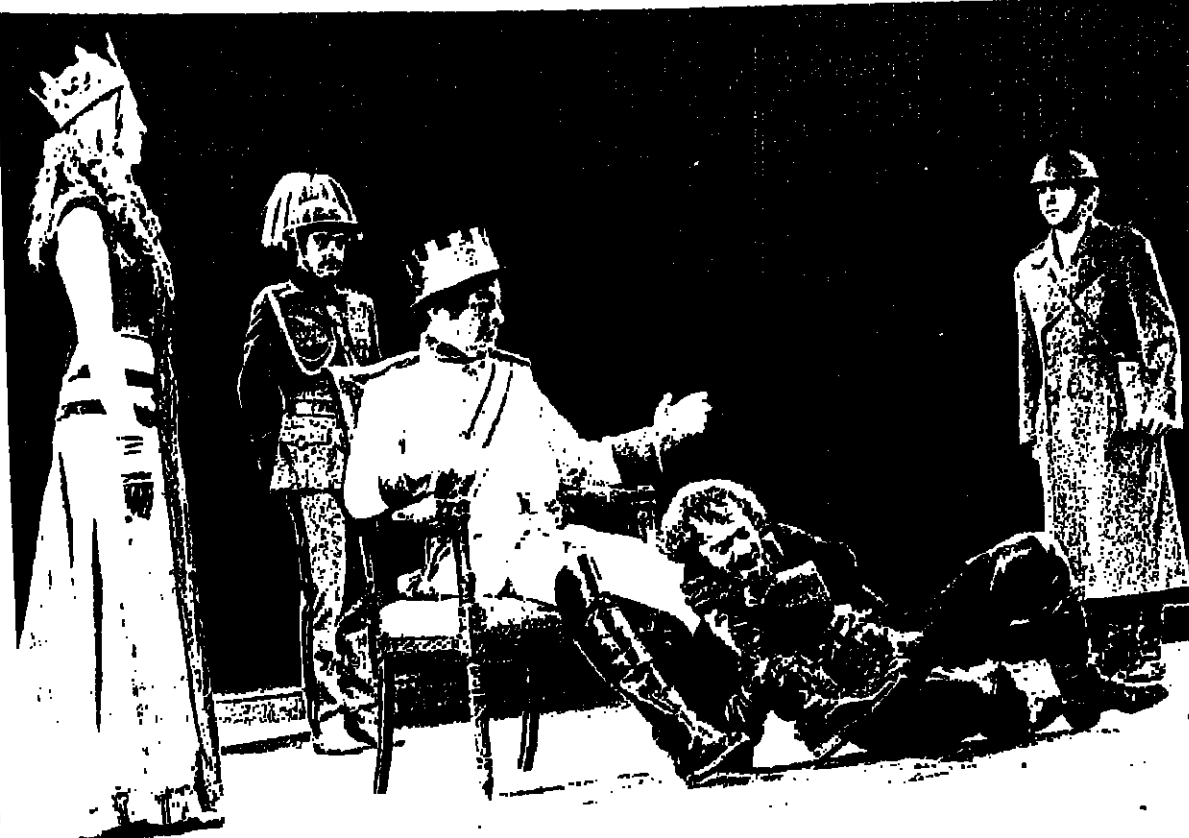
Eugene Ionesco attended the opening night at Habimah, and as the performance ended he — reluctantly and after much persuasion — mounted the stage to acknowledge the applause. He stood there, a small, awkward figure in an ill-fitting suit, straying wisps of grey hair falling over his forehead, crowned face — looking very much like that character from his play suffering from the incurable malaise.

The theme of "Mac-bett" as of "Macbeth," is the cyclical nature

of the struggle for power — the dialectics of conspiracy, murder, attainment of power, conspiracy, murder, and so on. The characters are not individuals but marionettes caught in that vicious cycle, motivated by drives, conscious and unconscious.

The play opens with Glamis and Candor (Ionesco uses all the names from Shakespeare's play, but with some slight changes) conspiring against Duncan, who seems to have become too greedy, and is skimming the fat off their lands. The two look almost alike, wear identical clothes, make the same gestures, echo each other's speech. Next we meet Mac-bett and Banquo, the two knights who are utterly loyal to their lord Duncan; they too are almost interchangeable. Their loyalty to the sovereign is a matter of pure egoism; they expect to be rewarded for their services in killing the rebellious barons and routing their forces. When they fail to get their rewards — the lands and titles of the dead rebels — they turn into rebels themselves. In a brilliant *coup de theatre*, Ionesco makes them repeat, word by word, the same dialogue we heard at the beginning of the play out of the mouths of Candor and Glamis. One cycle has been completed; another is starting.

The witches plant ideas of grandeur in the minds of Mac-bett and Banquo; but, unlike in Shakespeare's play, they are not creatures out of the world of magic, but the men's subconscious, the hidden mechanism which governs their actions. The witches are both hideous, cackling creatures and beautiful temptresses. In another brilliant *coup*, the hags tear off their repulsive masks, the horrid rags with the poudrous breasts, gradually revealing two lovely maidens, their semi-nude bodies undulating in a languorous, sensual dance. It is a double surprise: the women



Tehia Shmueli, Alex Kuzel, Avraham Ronai, Nissan Azikri and Itzhak Kluger in Ionesco's "Mac-bett." (Jasov Agor).

are Lady Duncan and her lady-in-waiting, two Liliths using their sexual lure to lead men to perdition.

The play ends with a mock epiphany — the arrival of Macol (Malcolm), the legitimate heir to the crown. He descends on a cloud, pure as the driven snow, in celestial splendour, his golden hair framing a youthful face, to the accompaniment of an angel chorus. And no sooner does he land than he joins the merry rounds of murder.

"MAC-BETT'S" ACTION takes place in the Middle Ages, but Ionesco makes frequent forays into other periods, to make sure that this is not mistaken for a realistic play, and to give the account and ideas a timeless aspect. Thus, while the chief protagonists wear chain mail and other accoutrements of medieval knights, an aide wears the uniform of a World War II soldier.

The acting is much to the credit of director David Bergman, who has succeeded in creating an ensemble which gives uneven but generally satisfactory performances in a manner suitable to the contents of the play. This is no mean achievement, considering that all the players are accustomed to the kind of acting where the main purpose is the creation of a believable character.

I found everything else in Bergman's direction to be excellent — the tempo, the comedy, the sleazy, tongue-in-cheek splendour achieved with simple means and without resorting to cheap tricks.

NISSIM AZIKRI gives a good account of himself in the title role, his high-pitched voice a continuous question mark, his agile body filling the stage; Avraham Ronai is a properly pompous and foolish Duncan; Israel Biderman

plays Banquo well though with little colour; Yankel Ben Sira is an amusing one-man common people — a lemonade seller, a rag dealer, a wounded soldier, a man catching butterflies in the midst of battle. Tehia Shmueli is something of a discovery in her first major role as Lady Duncan — Witch — Lady Mac-bett. Well endowed for the part with her ample, statuesque body and flaming red hair, she carries off the difficult triple role with considerable panache and skill for someone with so little experience.

Eli Sinaï has designed a complex, slightly humorous set with economical means, and his costumes are faultless. Földi Schatz' elaborate score for the satirical epiphany of Macol's arrival thunders impressively out of the loudspeakers in a recording by the Renanin Choir. Amos Keinan's translation is fluent, lively, and natural with ever so slight local allusions.

Nice 'n tight

Ian A. Wiener.

A HOLE can be a terrible thing. For example, a newspaper editor occasionally finds that, however astute he is, the advertisements and the editorial material just cannot be made to meet. That's where the "filler" comes in. It appears in all shapes and sizes, mainly advising the reader to buy the paper more regularly, or simply a "Give-a-soldier-a-lift" plug. On radio, "dead air" is an unforgivable sin, and any difficult spot gets the well-known "airport / supermarket-vibes-to-pass-five-minutes-by" muzak. It is easily recognizable as one of your favourite tunes done by some of James Last's brothers.

The trickiest space to fill is the TV gap. I mean, there are only so many minutes one can enjoy watching the Knesset photographed from every conceivable angle. I find that for anything over two minutes, the people in Rome attempt to sing in a quick pop song. Here again, being a filler, little thought is given to the subject, and we are treated to a constant

repetition of Kaveret (Poogy people), entertaining the army with "Nafati-la-Hayat."

ON THE OTHER SIDE of the river, it seems to me that there must be some aging groover in charge of the filler department. Most evenings the Jordanians have empty half-hours which, for want of anything better, are filled with titbits of all the music we left behind in the 'sixties. As soon as Djay Dave Lee Travis flashes across the Beat Club screen, I get that *deja vu* thing and I'm flying somewhere between the summer and autumn of 1968. The Club is a poor-man's Top of the Pops with the Amman fillers being indiscriminately hacked from this German-based extravaganza.

At any given time one may have the opportunity of viewing Humble Pie, Julie Driscoll and Brian Auger, Juicy Lucy, Canned Heat, and even Eric Clapton in their respective hours of glory. Hopefully, the next time the Jordanians go a-buying on Europe's secondhand pop mart they'll come up with some more recent stuff, with Cat, Elton, Carly, and friends all getting a good airing; but until then, I continue to enjoy.

Catching a filler here and there from Jordan is not one of the ideal ways of listening to music, so it was with some pleasure that I greeted the news that veteran

blues singer Memphis Slim was coming on tour here. The number of international artists who have put Israel on their concert circuit in the last 18 months is scanty indeed — Jimmy Smith, Jose Feliciano, Astrud Gilberto and Gospel Unlimited are the only ones I recall.

But the scene may change. "Folk singer Tim Hardin ('If I were a Carpenter') will be here for Purlin," impresario Amnon Teaban of Zohar Productions told me this week. He's also optimistic that a surname will hit Israel soon; can't say who, but watch this space.

Nice 'n tight. That was Memphis Slim's gig at the Hebrew University's Wise Auditorium last week.

"My music is the base of all modern pop," he told me in the interval, "the mother-earth, foundation of all contemporary American sounds."

In the two sets, his performance proved his word. Backed onstage by the local group Electric Stage, Memphis rolled through decades of blues, delivering a thoroughly enjoyable history of his compositions. With Shlomo Mizrahi on a howling lead guitar, Lil' Touboul on drums and Uri Fried on a boring bass, the group at times attempted to forget about the boss.

"They're young and hard-

headed," says Memphis, "but occasionally they listen to me."

Born Peter Chatman in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1915, Slim succeeded in becoming Big Bill Broonzy's accompanying pianist during the post-war years. However, with black American tastes changing he went solo, and the fifties saw him touring Europe. He eventually settled in Paris. The emergent 'sixties' Rhythm and Blues movement borrowed freely from his work.

"I had a major influence on The Rolling Stones and The Animals. In fact, Eric Burdon (then lead singer), whose group, War, is currently in the States, is still a very good friend of mine."

This is the fourth time since 1961 that Memphis has toured Israel. "A local folk duo, Ika and Aviva, were in Chicago in '61. They persuaded me and my good friend Willie Dixon to come here. In the end we played three months in Jaffa and really enjoyed it."

Was there any financial incentive in performing? "All I want is my 350 songs — I don't need money, that's why I'm a good blues singer." He thought a moment, quipping, "You know I don't need money if I'm playing Israel."

His plans for the coming year include a possible album with Canned Heat, but mainly he'll "be rollin' along like ol' man river."

MUSIC / Yohanan Boehm

Brotherly Love

I AM SURE the members of the Singing City Choir of Philadelphia, Pa., got their money's worth out of their trip to the Middle East — their first across the ocean. They received a 20-minute standing ovation at Tel Aviv's Mann Auditorium after the first of their three performances of Handel's "Messiah"; their concert with the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra was also a rousing success: the U.S. Ambassador paid them a wonderful tribute when they appeared in Haifa; they had the thrilling experience of singing carols in Bethlehem's Manger Square on Christmas Eve and a lively encounter with kibbutzniks at Nir Eliyahu. After some sightseeing in Israel, their tour came to an end with a trip to Amman, as guests of the Jordan Government, to sing there on New Year's Eve.

To move such a body of people — there were about a hundred all told — is a huge logistic exercise. The singers are all volunteers — mothers and fathers (some of them couples) who had to arrange for their children to be looked after, fix leave from their jobs at the right time (though it helped that it was the Christmas season); that it was the Christmas season; do extra performances and help to subsidize the trip. Even with out-aid assistance, everybody had to add several hundred dollars from his private purse to make the tour possible.

ALL THIS proves that there is some special quality about this choir — not only singing-wise — and anyone who has privileged to be present, not only at the concert, but at the reception given by the Israel Philharmonic at its guest house in Ramat Aviv on Thursday night, will bear this out. It all seems to be centred in Dr. Elaine Brown, the founder

and conductor of the choir, a St. Cecilia mother figure, warm, modest and dedicated, and her lively associate director, Sonya Garfinkle. Although Maestro Mohta had "taken it out of them" at the rousing concert (with the Hallelujah Chorus as an encore), the singers soon, after refreshments, gathered around to sing a bit more, spirituals, jazzy, popular music, anything to relax after the great concentration for "The Messiah."

Three guitars appeared from nowhere, one played by a lawyer, another by a music teacher, the third by someone who, as Phoebe Marshall, the group's PRO, whispered in my ear, "has something to do with planes."

About a third of the 70 singers are professional musicians: one has three choirs to conduct in New York, another works with Church choirs, others teach in schools; but none is really a professional singer, so there must be something in Dr. Brown to draw them all into her magic circle. There are still a few members who joined the choir at its foundation, 27 years ago, but most of them stay for about six to eight years. The average age is 30 with a good sprinkling of students lowering the figure.

That singing in the choir is a necessity of life to the members was made obvious in the liveliness of the off-the-record singing at the party, the spirit of the group as a whole, and their stamina. I was told that, after we had left at about 2 a.m. to get back to Jerusalem the singing went on — and on — and Miss Marshall teleaxed her story to Philadelphia at four o'clock in the morning!

A real example of brotherly love and co-existence from the City of Brotherly Love. We hope that this was not their last visit to our region — the Middle East really needs cultural things, as a welcome change from sophisticated weapons and Secretaries of State.

YUVAL — the outstanding Israeli Piano Trio — has just returned from a prolonged concert tour, which took the three musicians (Yonathan Zak — Uri Planka — Simha Heled) to Brazil, the U.S., Canada, Germany, Austria and Spain. After the great success of its first record (Dvorak Trio, op. 88), the Trio has now recorded the "Dumky" Trio by Dvorak and the Trio by Smetana. During the fourth subscription concert of the season, with Luciano Berio as conductor, they will appear at

various festivals and visit music centres on three continents.

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ensemble will embark shortly on a lengthy and — to judge from the itinerary — rather strenuous tour of the U.S., organized by Columbia Artists and co-sponsored by the America-Israel Cultural Foundation.

The Ensemble will give 32 concerts, only three of which will take place in the big cities (New York, Philadelphia and Chicago). The others are scheduled mainly for college and university cities and places where the community centres provide musical events. Gary Bertini is to conduct the bulk of the concerts, with Noam Sheriff leading the rest. At every concert, an Israeli work will be presented, and members of the Ensemble will be given their chance as soloists. One of the highlights of the tour promises to be the concert at New York's Carnegie Hall, where Pinhas Zukerman will appear as soloist with Gary Bertini conducting. The Chamber Ensemble will only return at the end of February, to start immediately on rehearsals for the fourth subscription concert of the season, with Luciano Berio as conductor.

What a year

ALTHOUGH THE celebration of the civil New Year is looked upon with considerable disfavour in some quarters, Israel Television recognized its existence, albeit in somewhat niggardly fashion — all we got for the occasion was an imported Mabot review of the year that was. My recollection of previous reviews of the year is that every one seemed to be the worst that could possibly befall any single planet in the solar system, and 1974 was no exception to this rule. It was certainly the most appalling year ever, if we judge by the events through which we were so thoroughly led by the TV team, rather like a reluctant group of tired tourists forced by a relentless guide to climb Masada on a hot day.

It was the year of Nixon's downfall, and of Arafat's canonization by the United Nations; the year of the Agranat Commission and I don't remember how many financial scandals; the year of oil dictatorship and economic depression; the year when everything went wrong and nothing went right.

I was left with an uneasy impression that our poor planet only made it into 1975 by the skin of its teeth, like the space-ship "Enterprise" escaping at the last possible second from some villainous nebula in outer space in "Star Trek" (On Jordan, Monday evenings, around 8.30, recommended to the young and to science fiction addicts). The only good thing about 1974 is that 1975 cannot be worse — and yet, I mustn't open my mouth to Satan, as the excellent Hebrew maxim has it: we don't know what he has in store for us in the coming 365 days. Nothing good, I suspect.

NEW YEAR'S EVE also brought us a survey of Israel's image abroad, with shots of how the Americans, Germans, English Dutch and French see us nowadays, and a learned commentary by a group of savants in the studio with Eli Nissan. As I write these notes on the first day of the year, my memory, for some mysterious reason, is not functioning as well as it should; but I seem to remember that on other New Year's Eves we also had reviews of Israel's image abroad and of our information services. By far the wisest of the commentators, I thought, was the former British ambassador, Sir Michael Hadow, who has always been one of this country's greatest friends. He said that one of our difficulties is that the Arabs can put their case in one sentence — "One and a half million people were driven out of their homes to make way for Jews" — while Israel's excellent answer to this spurious allegation requires two long paragraphs, which the medium has no space to give us. He also pointed out that we produce propaganda designed to convince the veterans of Petah Tikva. It does in fact achieve this purpose, but is not as effective among the millions of people abroad who never heard the Jackals in the orange groves when the century was young.

Generally, one thing emerged both from the clips of films and interviews abroad, and from the commentary — our information services and the foreign media, can hardly be blamed if the facts do not show Israel in a favourable light. An open society cannot control its image. Of course there is the problem that it is the new and



Sir Michael Hadow: propaganda for the veterans of Petah Tikva.

the dramatic that gets the publicity. We were shown the scenes at Beit She'an in great detail.

The conventional Israeli answer that the media abroad should have shown such a scene in the perspective of the murders by the terrorists surely does not

pin cannot drop in Kfar Saba without the sound of its hitting the ground reverberating around the world. The best of information services cannot suppress news of strikes, riots, scandals and other events we would prefer to have swept under the carpet. If we want good coverage abroad, we have to keep our house clean.

AN ISRAELI, whose forefathers came here six generations ago and who works as a volunteer in Ya'al, the Hadassah Hospital Auxiliary, complained to me most vehemently about the news feature about the village of Ekron. In it, we were shown billiard-playing young men saying they would not act as watchmen to defend their village unless they were paid to do so. She argued that this feature, apart from providing useful tips to the terrorists, gave too negative a picture of Israel, since, she maintains, the volunteering spirit is not dead.

Again, it's a question of what the truth is. TV is not to blame if that is how the Ekron villagers feel.

Somebody else has objected to the frequency with which Sadat appears on our television. Now this is an accusation that can easily be levelled at this journal too. I personally do not want to see Gad Yancobi on the news, because he is always announcing that some strike or other in the transportation services will be fought through to the death. Not that he is wrong to resist the El Al villains — but, like a harbinger of ill tidings, his is not a popular face with me. The TV boys are quite certain to disregard my prejudice in this matter, I know.

I wish that Israel Television reacted to my complaints with the speed that Jordan does — I had only to breathe a threat about not saluting the king, and, lo and behold! "Star Soccer" was back on Friday afternoons. I trust our troops at the Allenby Bridge will respond accordingly.

hold: reporters select the most dramatic aspect of an event, as they are entitled to do.

Everybody on the panel agreed that Israel must remember all the time that it is under a microscope, with 300 eager-beaver journalists anxious to send stories abroad. A

within a range of army units — and never mind how taped, how edited, or how self-censored by the soldiers themselves. How many other countries, after all, could hope regularly to produce such chaty get-togethers between the lowest and the highest in the military establishment?

ANOTHER GROUP of young people, this time a few years junior to the gunners, spent a constructive hour tooting, banging, and improvising melodies on David Chen's "Stories from Sounds" ("Tallim Mesaprim," in the First Channel's Music for Teenagers series, last Thursday afternoon). Clearly labelled as dealing with "programme music" (which purists consider the lowest form of musical life), this makes for an entertaining effort at do-it-yourself composition, with the children following Chen's suggestions for themes and embroidery.

The idea is first to discuss the subject, and then translate the spoken ideas into music. The theme this time was "celebrations."

"What do we feel on our Independence Day?" Chen asked. "Happiness." "Security." And so on.

Then one of the kids volunteers to invent a melody expressing what has been said, and then Chen may invite somebody else to chime in.

"Now, Nathan, we've heard Madeleine on the piano; take your violin and adapt it to the feelings

we've mentioned. But softly, because the farmers are sleepy by now..."

This had to do with an "assignment" on a "farmer's celebration," for which Chen had asked "what farmers are likely to drink." Each time the children had "composed" their segment of music, we heard a relevant grown-up piece — Charles Ives, Debussy, and Vivaldi; all on the subject of celebrations. It was not clear whether these insertions were also heard by the children as their conversations and performances were being taped; I hope so, because it cannot help but have been interesting and instructive for them.

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OF ALL THE ADVICE on household economy in recent weeks, the most refreshing came from someone who knows about it only from personal experience — a mother of four who does all her own housework. She spoke at a symposium sponsored by the Independent Israel Consumers Association in Tel Aviv — and far outshone the other two panelists, who were a professional economist and a journalist.

Mrs. Shira Antman is an attractive, slim young mother, who wears her hair in a simple short style and appeared at the forum in a checkered pants-suit. She lives in one of Tel Aviv's northern suburbs and has, as she put it, "a garden and a dog in addition to the four children." The family owns a car and has one so-called luxury appliance, a big deep freezer. Mrs. Antman considers it a major boon to her style of housekeeping, for it enables her to shop and cook in quantity for a relatively large family.

Her general philosophy on the new economic situation is this: "I do not say that you should pull in your belt and suffer and do without. I say, have what you had before, eat more or less what you ate before — but learn to do it more cheaply."

Unless you were already the kind of housewife who was very efficient, you might pick up some tips from Mrs. Antman. Obviously, her advice is most suitable to the woman who does not work at an outside job. This limitation was pointed out by another of the panelists, journalist Leah Porat of "Ha'aretz," who said that as a working woman, she must "continue to do her shopping in retail shops, not at factories and wholesale outlets."

AS FOR SHOPPING, Shira Antman said her first rule is to shop with lists. She keeps several separate shopping lists hanging on her kitchen wall — one for fresh produce which needs to be bought frequently, another for less frequently purchased foods, yet another for cleaning materials and cosmetics, and finally, a list for clothing and footwear.

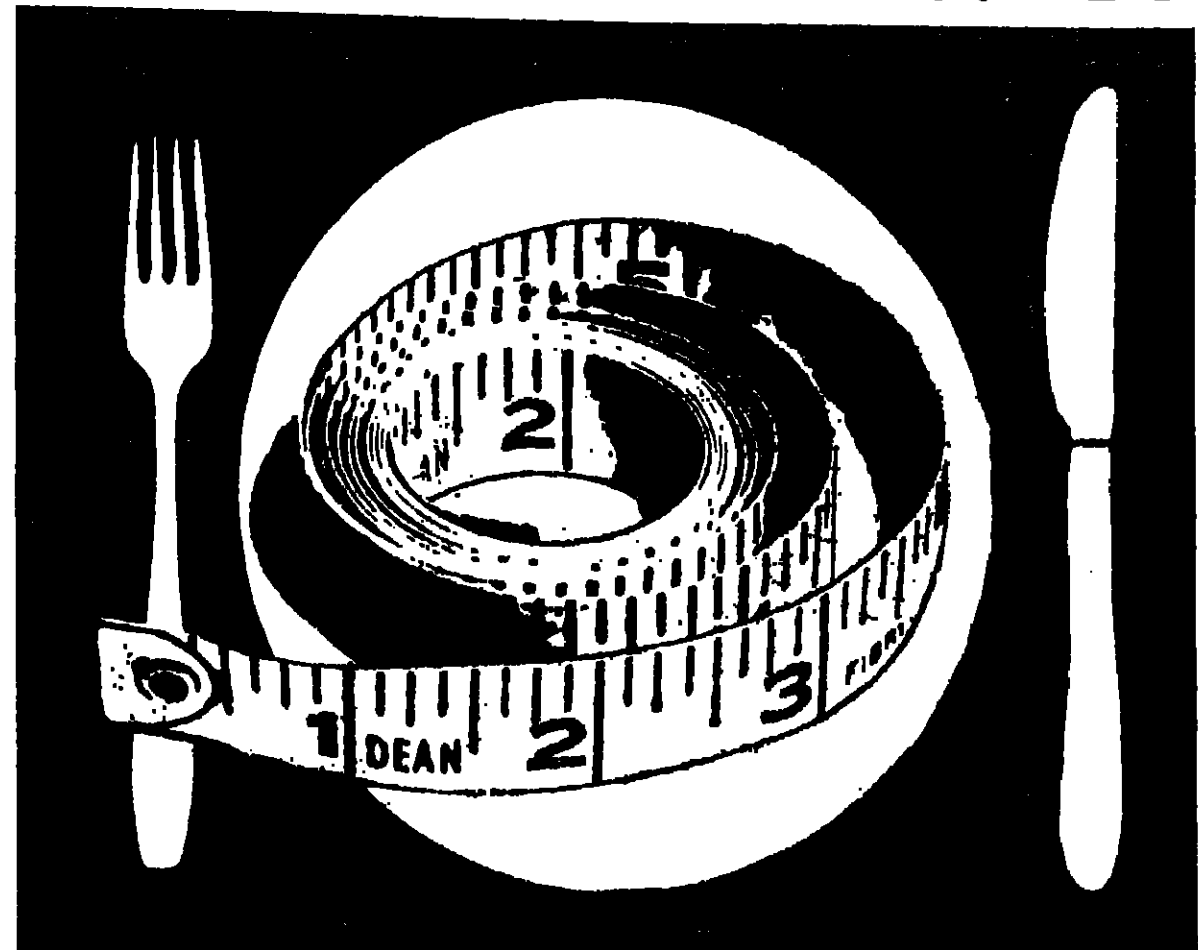
(Here I would interject that another useful aid for economy shopping is to keep a written account of every outlay of money, preferably in a little notebook which you can carry around in your handbag. Even if you keep this exact accounting only for a few weeks, it helps you learn where the money goes, and what things cost.)

"I do not shop daily, or even every other day — not even for the small items such as bread and milk," Mrs. Antman said. "My most frequent shopping, in fact, is for vegetables and fruit which need to be eaten fresh."

Instead, Mrs. Antman buys a number of milk bags at a time and stores them in her deep-freezer. Since the bags occasionally are punctured by the sharp edges of the frozen milk, she suggests keeping them in a plastic tray within the freezer — and, I would add, defrost them inside a large bowl, in case there is a leak.

When it comes to bread, apart from standard loaves, she buys the fancier white bread and *pilul* only occasionally — "about once in three weeks" — and stores them in the freezer. French-pastry loaves are a regular standby which she keeps in the freezer for emergency use. She also keeps a few bags of commercially-frozen vegetables on hand, although she otherwise avoids convenience foods, especially the canned variety.

A model housewife



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

She buys as much as possible at wholesale prices from factories — in particular, things like biscuits and sweetened juices in large plastic containers. Dried legumes and nuts are purchased in the open-air markets by weight — "never in cellophane bags in grocery stores." She tries to use old milk, with a teaspoonful of a previous batch of leben, letting it stand a few days). She also makes as many of the children's "treats" as possible — including *felafel* and popcorn.

Shira Antman organizes her cooking so as not to have to cook daily. She makes main dishes and vegetable side-dishes in sufficient quantities for several meals. "I serve the same thing for two days running, which is as much as the family will bear." The rest is frozen, in portions adequate for a meal.

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She does the same quantity-baking of cakes and cookies. She even does it with chickens. "I buy chickens in quantity, and roast as many as the oven will hold. What we will not use up in a day or two, I freeze — ready for use."

MRS. ANTMAN points out that most localities now have discount shops for cleaning materials and cosmetics. But, she adds, there are even cheaper places to buy these — "at the wholesalers who sell to the discount-shops." In Tel Aviv, these wholesalers are located in the southern parts of the city, particularly around Beit Romano on Yafo-Tel Aviv Road, near Herzl Street.

Clothing and footwear can also be purchased wholesale or semi-wholesale, from factory outlet shops and from wholesalers in the same area of Tel Aviv. (Someone else told me recently that you can buy shoes from the many workshops and factories near Flea Market in Jaffa.) Underclothes, towels, bed and table linen are among the items which Mrs. Antman looks for at wholesale places.

She also suggests that charity bazaars are good places to find clothing bargains. (Many of these are donated and sold below retail prices.) But, she stresses, "wherever you shop, you must compare prices, quality and quantity. You must decide, for instance, if a certain second-grade article of clothing will suit your needs."

WHEN IT COMES to the running of the house, Mrs. Antman operates on a "do-it-yourself" philosophy — obviously best-suited to the non-working wife. She has always managed without domestic help. Ironically she received a proposal for a good maid just as the new economic realities struck. "I had to do a real soul-searching — and a careful financial accounting."

She figured how much she would have to earn *net* to cover the cost of a home help's hourly wages at the new rates (ILO officially through the Labour Exchange, but IL10 and even IL12 an hour on the Tel Aviv open market), National Insurance payments, meals, etc. Mrs. Ant-

man opted to remain without help. It is not the answer all of us would choose — especially women who prefer some other occupation to housework.

Mrs. Antman says that today's housewives must learn to make minor household repairs on their own. Hiring workmen for small repairs (even if you can find them) is a costly business. There is no reason, she says, why a woman cannot de-clog a sink with the help of commercial chemicals, why she cannot do other "light plumbing" jobs, such as replacing a washer or even installing a new tap. The same goes for minor electrical repairs, certainly changing fuse-wire or even hanging a light fixture. (Remember, though, electricity is dangerous if you don't understand how it works, and here I would advise caution if you are ignorant of the subject. If in doubt, leave it to someone else.)

Assembling metal shelves is not a difficult task. Painting and whitewashing can be fun — and a tremendous saving. Most painting firms today have consultants who will come to your home to give free advice — provided you buy the paint from them.

"You don't have to paint the whole house at once, or even a whole room at once. Do a wall at a time, when you can." Another boon, Mrs. Antman says, is that "you don't have to clean up after messy painters."

Mrs. Antman's most impressive do-it-yourself accomplishment to date has been re-upholstering furniture.

"When we moved to a new home not long ago, the family urged me to get rid of an old armchair. I decided to renovate it instead." She went to a factory and bought fabric cheaply. Then she took off the old upholstery, observing carefully how it had been attached. She cut the new pieces, using the old ones as a pattern. Then she re-covered the chair. "No one who comes into my house would ever suspect that it was not a professional job."

Women in the audience at the consumer symposium (a disappointingly meagre 40 or so, by the way) raised the point that a housewife really needs a car in order to take advantage of bulk buying from wholesale outlets. Mrs. Antman had an answer for this too:

"If you don't have a car at your disposal, ask around among your neighbours and friends. You'll surely find someone willing to drive you around in return for some good tips on where to buy things more cheaply."

Martha Meisels.

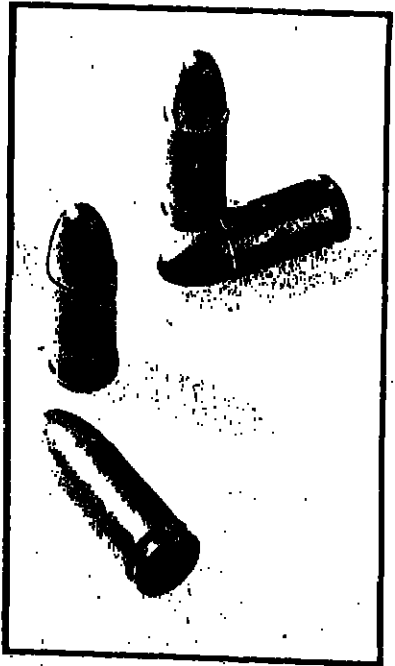
RADIO / Helga Dudman.

What a waste

AN UNEXPECTED and novel course, and whether wastage of complaint from a Russian immigrant was heard on the Army Channel's "Privates and Generals" programme last Tuesday evening. Besides being unexpected, it was also — as far as I am concerned, because usually I am a bit of a sceptic where immigrants' complaints are concerned — thoroughly admirable. What this Russian boy was complaining about to Tat-Aluf Sharoni of the Artillery Corps was, of all things, waste.

"I'm perfectly happy to be here as 'cannon-fodder' for the Israeli Army," he began, with a nice touch of irony, noting that one of the great Arab objections to Russian immigration is its "cannon-fodder potential." "But I cannot bear to see such an incredible degree of waste in army installations." As examples he gave "about 200 eggs smashed on the floor at my basic training camp," and "bulletts strewn all over the ground."

Tat-Aluf Sharoni, who gave balanced replies to all questions, agreed that our capacity for waste was a national scandal, though he doubted whether hundreds of eggs were regularly thrown on the floor at all-army bases as a matter of



once prevailed in this country.

Other questions put to the General — most of them were really complaints — dealt with the absence of educational and information activity, and specifically, the demise of the Artillery Corps' Entertainment Unit. Answer: "Our earlier decision was to close it down; but there is such strong feeling on this matter that we've reconsidered, and it will soon be established again."

Neatly and unobtrusively moderated by Raphael Bashan, this series provides a chance to

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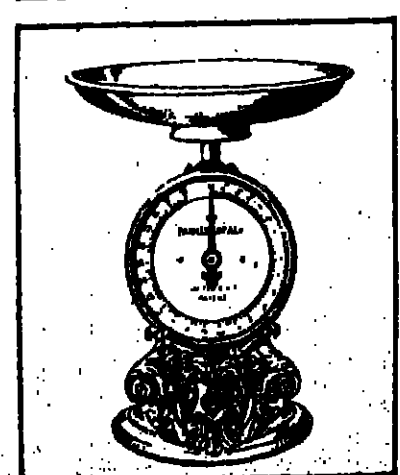
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CULINARY NOTES/Haim Shapiro

Thanks to Chef Nikolai



IN A BOOK by Thomas Mann, the protagonist explains his decision to become a waiter in a luxury hotel by saying that while some choose to serve humanity on a large scale, he wished to serve a small part of humanity, namely, the idle rich.

While this was no doubt written tongue in cheek, anyone making a contribution to a country's cuisine is, in fact, improving its quality of life. One of the few people who actually could claim to have influenced the food of this country was Chef Nikolai of the Tadmor Hotel Training School.

The last in a series of cookbooks by him appeared after his

death. "Cakes, Desserts and Ice-Cream" is a very complete work containing virtually everything the Hebrew reader might want to know on the subject.

WITH THE AID of Chef Nikolai's book I prepared a simple yeast cake, using half the quantities given in his recipe.

Make a thin batter by mixing half a cup of sifted flour, half a cup of warm milk and 80 grams of yeast. Leave this in a warm place until it begins to become frothy. Pour the froth into three and a half cups of flour, half a cup of sugar, a beaten egg and a cup and a half of warm milk. The milk should be warm, not hot, and comfortable to the touch. Thus the yeast is encouraged to grow and not boiled to death.

When the other ingredients are mixed, add a pinch of salt and a quarter of a package of

margarine. Knead the resultant dough on a well-floured surface by pulling it with your fingers and pushing down and back on it with the heel of your hand for about five minutes.

Leave the dough in a warm place, covered with a damp towel. When it has doubled in volume (after some two hours), punch it down and let it rise again (this takes about an hour).

Roll or pull the dough into one or two wide strips. Fill the centre with half a cup of sugar mixed with cinnamon and raisins, a similar amount of jam, or a cup of white cheese with three or four tablespoons of sugar. Pinch the dough together and twist it a bit to distribute the filling. Arrange on a well greased baking pan and leave until it has risen again. Then bake for 25 minutes or more in a modium hot oven, until the cake is well browned.

